

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. III.—No. 77. [REGISTERED AT THE
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.] SATURDAY, JUNE 25th, 1898.

[PRICE SIXPENCE,
BY POST, 6½d.]



Photo. LAFAYETTE,

THE HON. LADY MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY.

179, New Bond Street.



AFTER leaving Midnapore in 1860, I was for a time posted to districts where I could not get any big game shooting, though I did enjoy some excellent sport at snipe and duck. In 1867, however, I was, to my great satisfaction, transferred to Maldah, then one of the best districts in Bengal for tiger shooting. The civil station of Maldah is prettily situated on the banks of the Mahananda River, and the place was one of the first possessions of the English in India. In the middle of last century, when the East India Company was endeavouring to open out its trade in Bengal, humbly seeking the favour of the Mahomedan ruler at Mornhidabad, and quite unconscious of the great future before it, Maldah was fixed on as a convenient spot at which to establish a factory and depôt for goods, and a Residency was built there, surrounded by a wall, with embrasures for cannon at the four corners. In course of time the house was converted into a combined residence and office for the magistrate and collector in charge of the district, the upper story being the dwelling-house and the lower the court-rooms. The old wall,



RUINS AT GAUR.

too, still remained, and in my time a few rusty pieces of ordnance yet lay on the grass-grown ramparts, a testimony to the immense change that had been wrought in a hundred years. When I took over charge of the office in April, 1867, I discussed matters with my predecessor, and among other things, questioning him as to the prospects of sport, was told that a native landholder who lived quite close to the magistrate's house was, from a sporting point of view, an objectionable person. He owned several elephants, but was chary about lending them; he was, moreover, in the habit of slipping out as soon as any news of a kill was brought in, often bagging a tiger or leopard which the magistrate himself might have got. I enquired whether D—, the person in question, had ever been asked out shooting, and when the reply was "certainly not," the reason for D—'s conduct did not seem far to seek; at the same time, the fact of his thus running counter to the wishes of the head of the district argued an independence of character that showed there was something in the man. Soon after this D— came to pay his respects to me; he

was a stout-built, intelligent young man, very black from constant exposure to sun and weather, and, as I soon discovered, well up in all matters of shikar. In the course of conversation I told him I hoped we would have some good sport in company, and at the suggestion I saw a look of gratified surprise flit across his face, which augured well for the success of my endeavour to secure his co-operation, and so indeed it turned out. D— sent me all the "khubber" (information) that reached him, and he got much better intelligence than I ever did. His elephants were always at my disposal; sometimes we went out shooting together, if I could not go he often went alone, and *vice versa*. He was an excellent coadjutor in the hunting-field, very keen, and never caring what trouble he took to ensure success, so our compact was entirely in my favour. During the three years I was at Maldah I shot a number of tigers, a success which was due very largely to my having been fortunate enough to enlist D—'s assistance. Among others which D— had, one was apparently a perfect howdah elephant—tall, fast, smooth going, and good-

tempered, but she was not steady, so that D— at the time of my arrival at Maldah was trying to dispose of her, though he had just changed her mahout, in the hope that this might do good. I liked the look of the elephant, Biddya by name, and I was greatly taken by the appearance of Jumon, the new mahout; so I had my howdah put on the former, and very soon found that Jumon had her under perfect command. I therefore adopted her as my howdah elephant, and hardly ever shot off another all the time I was at Maldah. A better mahout than Jumon it would be hard to find; keen and plucky, he seemed to imbue the animal in his charge with the same spirit, so that he made Biddya a perfectly steady elephant, and at the end of a year or two D— would not have sold her for any money.

Maldah, at the time of which I write, was very well suited for the preservation of tigers, since a few miles to the south of the civil station lay the ruins of Gaur, the old capital of

Bengal—a mass of decaying buildings, large tanks, and heavy tree jungle covered with creepers, with the interstices filled in with cane brakes, so that it formed a safe habitat for tigers, where they could live and breed, comparatively safe from molestation. To the north again lay the ruins of Parova, another deserted city, where also the jungle was too dense to be beaten, even with elephants, and which constituted another stronghold for tigers. Gaur was full of most interesting ruins, which were rapidly going to decay, the luxuriant vegetation having taken root in the walls of the old buildings, which were thus gradually being disintegrated, even the huge slabs of stone being gradually forced apart. The place was full of tanks, some of them very large, tenanted by a perfect army of alligators, and haunted also by myriads of mosquitoes, of a most malignant type. It was a most unwholesome place, and in my time unfit for human habitation, but I hear that since then cultivation has crept in, and Gaur is now very largely cleared, and in some places inhabited, which may account for the falling off in the tiger

shooting. It was then nearly impossible to bag a tiger in Gaur itself, though they were easily enough got when they left their sanctuary, and came in search of cattle into the grass jungles outside the embankment that formed the old city wall.

But though bagging a tiger was extremely difficult in Gaur, owing to the quantity of unbeatable jungle to be found everywhere, there were one or two places within the walls where a hunt might be prosecuted with some hope of success. One such place was a very large tank called the Sâgordighi, situated not far from the confines of the old city. Its banks were covered with tree jungle and creepers, quite unbeatable, while at the back lay more heavy covert, in which a tiger would be safe from attack; but in course of time the rains had washed down the soil from the banks, and gradually filled in the edge of the tank, affording a place for grass to take root and grow; so that gradually patches of long grass had come into existence, in which if a tiger could be found it might be bagged. One end of the tank had thus been encroached on to a considerable extent, affording a good-sized covert, in which a tiger might well lie, but from which, if in any way disturbed, it was sure to make for the heavy tree jungle, in which it would be safe. The Sâgordighi thus was a place where it was always possible to bag a Gaur tiger; accordingly when we got information one day in October, 1867, that a bullock which had strayed in the direction of the Sâgordighi was missing, D— and I, after a council of war, determined that it was worth acting on the news. We could not tell that the bullock had been killed in the grass on the edge of the "dighi," or tank, but even if killed elsewhere it had probably been dragged to the water; anyhow it seemed worth trying, so D— promised to send on his elephants during the latter part of the night, and we were to drive out and meet near the spot early next morning, 7th October. On reaching the rendezvous next morning I found that D— was accompanied by his brother P—; the latter, it appeared, fired by his brother's account of the joys of tiger shooting, had determined to come and see what the sport was like. This was his first venture out tiger shooting, and as it proved, his last; he never tempted Providence again. P— was mounted in a separate howdah on Mohun Peary, a favourite elephant of D—'s, in fact the one he generally rode himself; he had, however, on this occasion given it up to his brother, contenting himself with another one named Kauchau Mâla, leaving my pet Biddya for me.

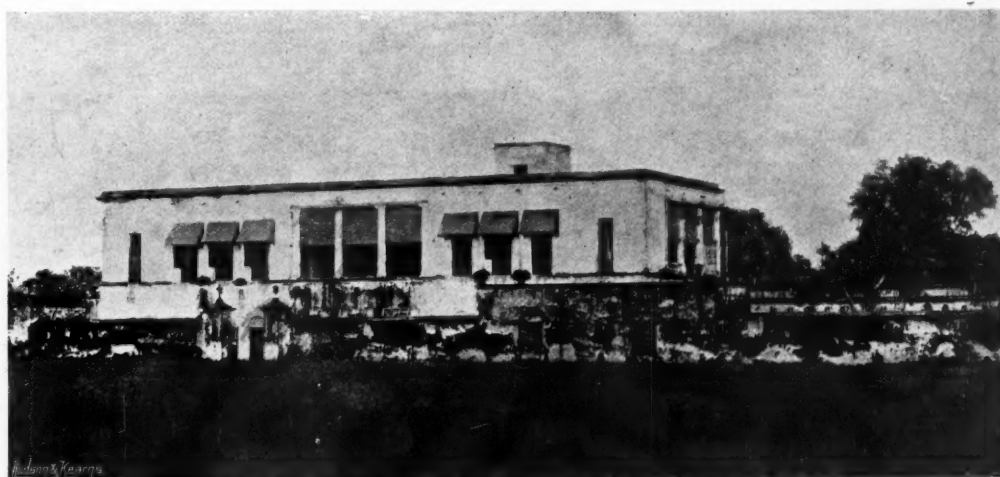
We had no certain knowledge where the bullock had been killed, if indeed it had been killed at all in the vicinity of the tank, so the first thing was to quietly skirt the tank, and see whether there were any marks showing that some heavy body had been dragged into the long grass. This investigation had been held before we arrived, and it was reported that a tiger was probably in the grass at the end of the tank, where it was, as I have said, silted up. Here, then, we formed line, with the pad elephants between the howdahs, and began to beat away from the heavily-timbered bank, intending to keep the tiger in the grass, where we could deal with it, and if it shifted, move it away from its sanctuary amongst the trees. We had beaten through one patch of long grass without disturbing anything, and were on our way through some shorter grass in single file, my elephant leading, when I was startled by hearing a savage snarl behind me, and, looking round, saw a large tiger rising on its hind legs, as if to seize the mahout of the elephant behind me. I fortunately had my rifle in my hand, so swinging round, I fired as the beast got up on its legs and struck it in the ribs. The shock brought the tiger to the ground, and it then dashed back towards the patch we had just left, scattering the elephants in its path, but without being again fired at. As the bank of the tank lay just beyond this patch of jungle into which

the tiger had escaped, I shouted to D—, who was at the tail of the line, to get between the tiger and the bank, and at the same time I urged my mahout to hurry in the same direction. D— and I were just splashing through a low place that lay between the bank and the jungle we wished to cover, when we heard a most tremendous uproar in our rear, the sounds of an angry tiger being mingled with the cries of the mahouts and the shrill trumpeting of an elephant.

From where we were we could see nothing; but it was clear that the tiger was having it all its own way, for we could hear no shots fired. On rejoining the others, we found P— in his howdah, quite speechless with terror, and Mohun Peary with torn head and trunk, and blood running down her hind-quarters from a hole at the roots of her tail. From the mahout we learnt that he had taken the elephant carelessly into the grass, expecting the tiger to be on its way towards the bank of the tank. The tiger charged as soon as the elephant entered the patch, on which P—, without attempting to fire, sat down in the howdah, and called out "Bhago! bhago!" (fly, fly). The tiger, unchecked by a shot, got on Mohun Peary's head, and



HIS LAST FIGHT O'ER.



THE OLD RESIDENCY, MALDAH.

clawed and bit her till it was shaken off, then, as the elephant turned to flee, it got up on her hind-quarters and almost bit her tail out at the root. On learning the particulars, D—'s wrath knew no bounds; he abused the mahout for going into the jungle, knowing who was in the howdah; he abused his brother for not, at least, letting off his gun; he vowed that his best elephant had been ruined (which, indeed, was likely enough), and altogether gave vent to his feelings in violent language, until I interrupted his flow of speech by suggesting that we were wasting time, and had better go for the tiger. This we proceeded to do, having allowed P— to go home, vowing that never again would he venture out tiger-shooting—a vow most religiously kept. As a precautionary measure, we formed line again on the side nearest the tree jungle—not, however, that this was really necessary, for the tiger evidently meant fighting and not running away.

We had not gone far into the long grass, some roft. high and too thick for one to see anything a yard off, when there was a sudden snarl almost under my elephant, and the next moment Biddya was swinging her body like a pendulum, and I was clinging to the side of the howdah to avoid being thrown out. The tiger had lain quite still till the elephant was almost over it, and then, rising perpendicularly, was hanging on, with one

foot on the side of Biddya's head and with the other on the lower part of the side of my howdah, its head being thus within a few inches of the mahout's leg as he sat on the elephant's neck.

Jumon called out to me to fire, but I could not do so till the tiger was shaken off, when I had a snap-shot at it as it slunk away growling. We then all got out of the long grass, in order to see what damage had been done. Biddya's head we found had been rather clawed, the lower part of my howdah had been torn off, and Jumon's leg had been cut by the tiger as it fell off the elephant; one paw of the animal had evidently grazed the mahout's leg, a claw making a deep gash. We bound up the wound, and I then proposed re-entering the jungle; but to this the mahouts objected, for they said the tiger was a perfect "shaitan" (demon) and had better be left alone. Jumon, however, backed me up, and

encouraged the others; so line was again formed, this time from where we were, without any further attempt to prevent the tiger from escaping. Very slowly we advanced, each mahout of the beating elephants adjuring his neighbour to move faster, and ready to bolt at the first sound; the tension on their nerves was, however, soon relieved by a shout from one of the mahouts, who saw our enemy lying dead in a trampled bit of grass just ahead of him. My last shot had hit him in a vital spot, and he had only gone a few yards after I fired. There he lay, his last fight pluckily fought to the end, a fine, sturdy, thick-set male, measuring as he lay 9ft. 4in. Mohun Peary, I may add, was none the worse for her adventure; she remained as staunch as ever, only she was never again able to flap her tail; it always hung behind her like a rope. Jumon, too, soon recovered, and often expressed his approval of that last lucky shot by

A SLEEPY FLY.

Mr. and Mrs. Hood Wright's Dogs at Frome.

PARK HILL, the quaint old-fashioned residence of Mr. Hood Wright, is near the old town of Frome, or Frome Selwood, as it is called in the old deeds, and is situated in North Somerset, on the borders of Wiltshire. Flat-fronted, with primitive windows, Park Hill presents no architectural beauties; but once inside, its bleak exterior gives place to the perfection of comfort and early English warmth. The town of Frome is celebrated for its parish church, and is near Longleat, the seat of the Marquess of Bath, Maiden Bradley, the estate of the Duke of Somerset, and Marston, belonging to the Earl of Cork and Orrery, and at one time was part of Selwood Forest. It is certainly situated in the loveliest bit of Somerset, and is an ideal training ground for the favourite of kings and queens, the dog of the chase, of history, legend, poetry, art—the handsome Deerhound. "St. Bernard," the cultivated writer and essayist on the dog, who contributed a charming series of papers to *Good Words*



T. Fall, A CHAMPION TEAM. Baker Street.

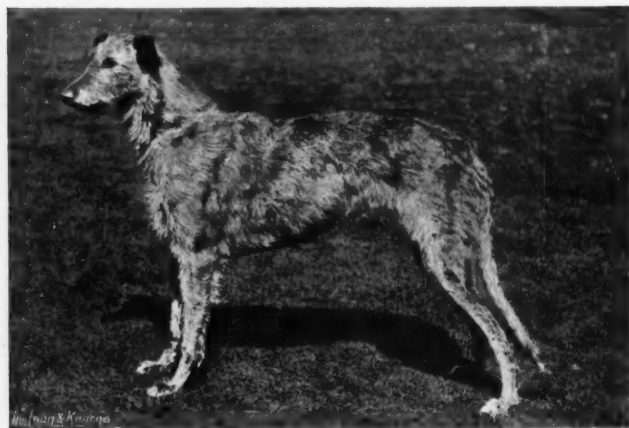
last year, entitled "Notable Dogs of the Chase," gives the information that "both" Her Majesty and the Prince Consort greatly admired them, and possessed some noble specimens of the breed so characteristic of the "true and tender North which they loved so well"; and nothing finer by way of description of the variety has ever been written than the noble word portrait given by "St. Bernard" in the same pages. "Deep chested," he says, "but fine in the loins, where the body is simply bands and knots of muscle, it has straight, strong-boned, flat-sided legs that end in sound, close-set feet with well 'knuckled-up' toes. The deep, flat neck, immensely muscular, springs from between the shoulders on a fine arch. The long, lean head has a high-bred look, and the way in which the Deerhound carries it, looking well up, gives it an aristocratic and commanding appearance; while its eyes, dark brown or hazel, should be brilliant, and with an expression of peculiar intelligence and keenness, heightened by the locks through which, half concealed, they gaze. Though the



T. Fall, SELWOOD DHOURAN. Baker Street.

face and body are covered with harsh and rather shaggy hair, the legs should be short-haired and the ears as soft as velvet and turning over at the tips. The colour varies from sandy and light grey to dark brindle, and a perfect hound should stand not less than 30in. at the shoulder, with a rather greater girth of chest." The Deerhound, as everybody knows, was a very favourite subject with Landseer, and in his masterpieces representing Highland scenes many noble specimens of the breed have become immortal. Deerhounds are the principal dogs at the Selwood kennels to-day, and small wonder that Mr. Hood Wright should have consistently kept to the breed which his mother introduced thirty years ago. For she it was who procured a handsome bitch at Caithness from Apple-cross as a present for her son. This gift was subsequently followed by another of the famous McNeill strain from Dr. Cox, of Manchester, and it is from these two gifts that all the Deerhounds bred by Mr. Hood Wright are descended.

Out of many successes in breeding, one of the most noteworthy was Champion Old Bevis (K.C.S.B., 4,753), the celebrated dog that was selected by the late C. Barton Barber for a model of Gelert for his picture entitled "The Celebrated Welsh Legend." This notable work was the painting which obtained the prize of £60 offered at the Welsh National Festival, and was subsequently exhibited at the Royal Academy, where it became one of the pictures of the season. It was purchased by Mr. Palmer, of



T. Fall, SELWOOD CALLACK. Baker Street.

Reading, for presentation to the Reading Institute, and is now one of the public favourites in the new picture gallery. Mr. Hood Wright tells me that it is a living, breathing likeness of Bevis, one of the finest hounds of that date. In colour he was a red-brown brindle and he stood 29in., and was a son of Oscar, a son of Pirate, who was brother to Champion Old Torrum out of Loyal, whose grandsire and grandam were both "McNeill."

Bury, the dam of Old Bevis, was bred direct from Sir John McNeill's strain, in fact, from a brace of hounds given by him to Mr. Potter, and the McNeill strain, as we all know, is the root of Deerhound genealogy to-day, and a strain that has never been improved upon, for, as Mr. Hood Wright observes in a chapter which appeared in "Pillars of the Stud Book," a monthly feature of the *Kennel Gazette*: "I do not know that we can congratulate ourselves on any great improvement in the Deerhound, as breeders of so many other kinds can, for the Deerhound was a finished breed long before the present generation saw the light, and when the writer first owned one of the Apple-cross strain, over thirty years ago, there were as grand specimens then as there are to-day. All roads lead to Rome, and all the cracks of the present day go back to the strains of McNeill of Colonsay, Cameron of Lochiel, Cole of Windsor (keeper to H.R.H. Prince Albert), McKenzie of Apple-cross, the Marquess of Bristol, and the Duke of Sutherland. . . . Sir John McNeill's Oscar in best running condition weighed 94lb. A good weight that for a dog of to-day in hard condition. Black Bran stood 31in., but measured 33½in. round the chest. What Deerhound measures that to-day?" Champion Old Bevis subsequently became a favourite of the footlights, for Mr. Rawdon Lee gives the



T. Fall,

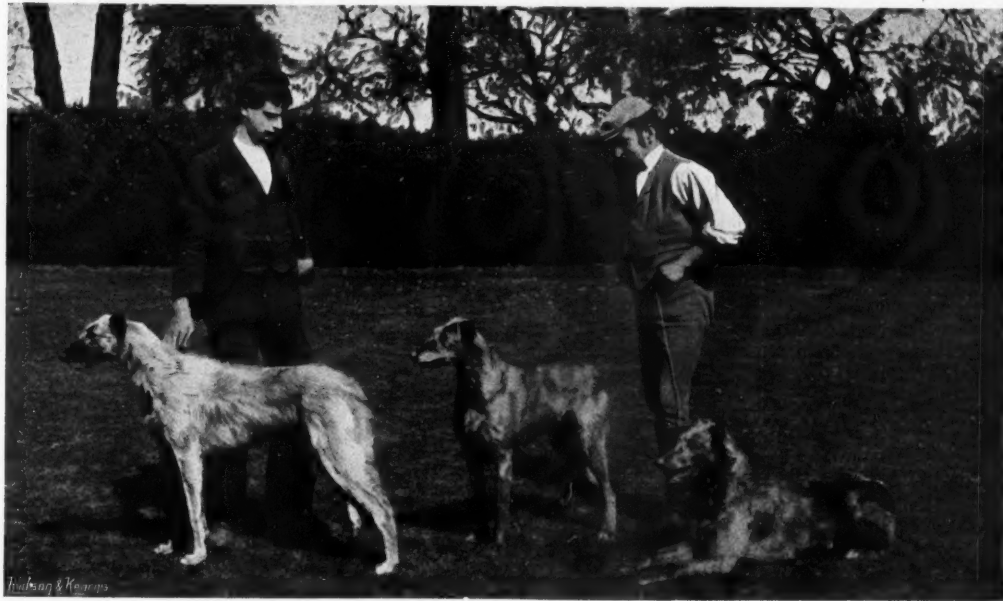
SELWOOD COSSACK.

Baker Street.

considered by experts one of the best living, is one of the finest examples of the photographic art, for it not only portrays the dog but also the deerhound. Callack is litter sister to Selwood Dhouran; she is an exceptionally fine bitch, and stands 27in. at the shoulder, with perfect symmetry. Her colour is a dark fawn

grizzle with black points. Her achievements in the ring already number forty prizes, to say nothing of specials and three championship certificates which entitle her to be called champion. Mr. Hood Wright has recently purchased the well-known Brunnette, her daughter by Caithness, and a puppy by Selwood Fealer, and our photographer was fortunate enough to secure an effective group of these at the moment of their arrival at Park Hill. The picture is full of grace and a most wonderful repose, and depicts all the elegant characteristics of the breed, while the attitudes of the "boy" and "man" are good and natural.

But the Deerhound, though first favourite at Selwood, is by no means the only breed that finds favour or which has found encouragement from Mr. Hood Wright. Some years ago he was greatly interested in Bloodhounds, for at the time of the memor-



T. Fall,

THE NEW ARRIVALS.

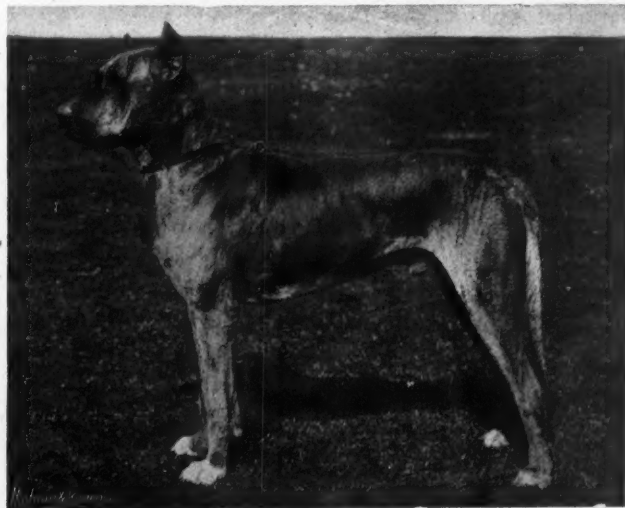
Baker Street.

information in "Modern Dogs": "So sober and sedate, that in his declining years he took to the stage, and appeared with great success at one or two of the Sheffield pantomimes at Christmas." Other celebrities in Deerhounds bred by Mr. Hood Wright are Shiela (K.C.S.B., 7,887), Reay, Champion Bura, Wanda (the bitch with an unbeaten record that was exported to America), Buscar (K.C.S.B., 18,385), a grandson of Old Bevis and a son of Shiela, equally famous as a prize-winner, while most of the latter-day winners are his descendants. Following these in quick succession come Selwood Crofter, Clansman, Newton Spey, Nois, Selwood Roy, Selwood Morven, Selwood Fealer, and Selwood Callack.

SELWOOD DHOURAN, the king of the kennels at Frome, is a very big hound, for he stands close upon 32in. at shoulder and weighs over 95lb. In coat and colour he throws back to Robin Gray, the handsome dog that breeders credit with correcting the light eye, silky coat, and bluey nose that had been creeping into the breed through the Russian Siberian cross. Selwood Dhouran is full of character, and stands on the best of legs and feet. He has a grand record of prizes—seventy, not including specials and championships—and at Cruft's he was placed reserve for Sir Humphrey de Trafford's 10-guinea gold medal, being beaten only by his old kennel comrade Champion Selwood Morven, who is so like him that it is difficult to distinguish them apart. Selwood Dhouran is by Swift out of Selwood Moray, by Champion Robin Gray. As a stud dog there are few excelling Dhouran, for his offspring are turning out well; and this can scarcely be remarkable considering that he himself is a direct descendant of no fewer than ten champions.

The portrait of Champion SELWOOD CALLACK, a bitch that is

able trials arranged by the Kennel Club in 1889, which took place on the race-course that adjoined the Alexandra Palace, his dog Hector Second won a first prize; and a graphic description of his performance is given by Mr. Rawdon Lee in "Modern Dogs." Hector Second was a well-known performer,



T. Fall,

DANSHER.

Baker Street.

and had previously done good work at Warwick two years before his success at the Alexandra Palace. Mr. Hood Wright's knowledge of the breed, too, is recognised in the fact of his frequent appointment at Kennel Club shows to award the prizes in Bloodhound classes. Great Danes have also acquired his regard, for he was one of the earliest to encourage their importation, and to-day he is secretary of the Great Dane Club. The Selwood kennel has turned out many a good Dane bred within its walls, and many exhibition celebrities have sojourned for a time at Frome. The present distinguished occupant of that breed is SELWOOD DANSHER, a dog that his owner bought last September from Mr. G. Alberti, the renowned Belgian breeder, and since his arrival Dansherh as won first novice, first limit, at the Birmingham National Dog Show; first novice, second limit, third open, at Earl's Court; third limit, third open, Cruft's; first limit, second open, Leicester. In colour he is a handsome tiger brindle, full of Great Dane character and movement, and quite a chum of his master. Mr. Leadbetter, a judge of, and perhaps the greatest authority on, the breed in England,

breed amongst English women, for upon his appearance in the ring at the Alexandra Palace in 1889 he created quite a furore of admiration, and from that date the Borzoi has steadily ingratiated himself in women's favour. Stelka was bred by Mrs. Barthrop, and is a most amiable creature, whose main vice is hunting the Selwood cats; and the way in which she vanishes round corners and scales walls at the sight of a "piece of fur" quite bewilders the uninitiated visitor who chanced to see the exploit for the first time. Stelka and Cossack invariably accompany their mistress out driving, and follow the trap with ease and grace. I expect a very great advance of the breed this year at Selwood, for Mr. Hood Wright has recently taken upon himself the duties of secretary to the Borzoi Club, and he never lacks enthusiasm or industry once he makes up his mind to do his best for a breed.

Mrs. Hood Wright is a staunch supporter of the Ladies' Kennel Association, of which she is proud of being a vice-president. It will not be out of place in concluding my notes on the Selwood kennel to say that, considering Mr. Hood Wright has owned



T. Fall,

A GROUP OF PRIZE-WINNERS.

Baker Street.

speaking of Dansher in the *Kennel Gazette*, describes him as follows: "A nice orange brindle, shown in capital form, with good legs and feet. He is a good shaped hound and carries his tail well; his head is a trifle wide across the skull, but not a bad type."

In the same kennel there are the dogs owned by Mrs. Hood Wright, whose tastes run in harmony with those of her husband. The Borzoi SELWOOD COSSACK is under two years, stands the immense size of 32in., and is fast furnishing into a representative hound of good quality. Last year at the Botanic Gardens he began his career by winning the puppy cup, and at Birmingham he won third open, and third novice at Cruft's. This year he was awarded second novice by Her Grace of Newcastle, and at Cheltenham and Leicester Cossack scored second and first prizes. He is in good coat, which is almost whole white, though faint lemon markings are at times discernible. Cossack was bred by Mrs. Hood Wright from Champion Windle Courtier and Selwood Stelka, the latter a gift from the Hon. Colonel Wellesley to herself. Stelka was bred from that sensational dog, Champion Kriklutt, a dog responsible, perhaps, for the popularity of the

and exhibited dogs for close upon thirty years, it is little wonder that his kennel contains only the best-bred dogs, and that he himself is a well-known figure of popular importance in the kennel world. It is also matter for congratulation that in a world where unfortunately jealousy grows redundantly Mr. Hood Wright has made no enemies and many friends. It can be said truthfully of the "Frome Infant," as his friends have good-naturedly dubbed him, that his popularity is well deserved, for no man ever heard him say an ill-natured word of any exhibitor, nor has he ever been suspected of a mean action in his numerous doggy transactions both in and out of the ring. His unusual height of nearly 7ft., with a proportionate width of chest, accounts for the humour of his sobriquet, and makes him at all times a noticeable figure at every show. He is an equal favourite with men and women, and to him is invariably given at every "doggy luncheon or dinner" the office to propose the toast of the occasion—"The Ladies, God bless them." He is a true sportsman, a generous exhibitor, a fair judge, and a conscientious secretary of the dog clubs to which he is allied.

A. S. R.

A Rabbit Shoot in the Midlands of Ireland.

THE long-wished-for day has at length come, and the weather promises well; the night just passed having kept dry, the prospects for a good day's shoot are rosy. And now to anyone who has had charge of a shoot, let him be host or keeper, the difficulties and numberless small matters that have to be seen to and attended to will appeal forcibly. It must not be imagined that a shoot here is carried on as easily, or arrangements made as smoothly, as in a well-preserved and well-stocked park in Norfolk or Hampshire, where the beaters have

been accustomed, man and boy, to keep line and to observe the other numerous amenities of a shoot. Here the beaters have had no long years of experience, the rabbit-shoot being an innovation of modern days, and some of my readers will sympathise with me when I refer to the difficulty of keeping a number of Irish beaters in line! I have often thought of, and sympathised with, what the feelings of a drill-sergeant must be who has a squad of raw recruits, say from Galway or Kerry, to get into shape. But, after all, here we are in Leinster, and

therefore they ought to be more civilised and more easily kept in order.

This year, for the first time, our host has delegated the control of the beaters to the keeper—a young Englishman, whose language is “not well understood of the people,” but who does his best, and who, by a little “mouthing” (*ang'i-è*, tolerably strong language), keeps on explaining the meaning of keeping in line.

On former occasions our host used never to shoot on the big rabbit days, feeling that the arrangements so much depended on his personal supervision that he invariably acted as a beater himself, and controlled the line by walking all day in the centre—a proceeding which was often found fault with by some of the guns, who protested that they would not shoot unless he did, an argument, however, which proved of no avail on him. But now we must return to the shoot. The English keeper had been hard at work for weeks stopping out the rabbits with ferrets, paraffin, and fusing, and during the last few days he had been assisted by those of the guns who formed the house-party. We had gone round some days before and placed small flags where the guns were to stand, and everything was in readiness. A brave show the guns made when ready to start, after the usual delays incident to such work, viz., getting cartridges, finding out the number of the beater who is to carry the bag of reserve cartridges during the day, and so on. The first gun has been posted in a far-out corner, and already (before the beat commences, which is just in front of the house and in full view of a large balcony over the drawing-room, on which the ladies of the party take up their position) several shots are heard from this corner, showing that the rabbits are beginning to creep. Some of us would perhaps prefer that there were no “gallery,” especially as it is the first beat of the day, before our nerves have got properly set; but perhaps it acts as an incentive to good shooting. Whether or no, the first beat results in over thirty rabbits, so that neither host, guests, nor keeper can complain that a good start has not been made. It is often curious to watch the many different ways in which different guns shoot—the quick, rapid action of some, and the slow poking of others, serviceable at times for all that.

There is one great contrast between a line of beaters in England and one here; the former, according to the writer's experience of them in several different counties, are more mechanical, but subdued, and seldom speak, walking along slowly, and seldom leaving anything that they do not send forward; over here it is not easy to prevent too much conversa-



J. W. Dick.

STOPPING OUT THE RABBITS.

Copyright

tion, and sometimes too many jokes, which are annoying to one in charge of a shoot, but laughable nevertheless to those who, having no responsibility, can appreciate the amusing features. There are generally one or two “wags” amongst the beaters who have a certain amount of licence, and the writer heard one of these say, when beating through some thick heather, and having poked up a rabbit that ran forward and was shot: “Only but I seen her, I'd pass her by!” The statement of this fact was hardly necessary, and yet for all that there is something in what the man meant to explain. As we walk along, one of the guns records how a beater in his hearing said, “Let wan of you'se go both sides of that hedge.” Also, on another occasion, at a covert-shoot not far from here, the keeper, in explaining to a strange gun where he was to stand (one who had never been at the place before), adopted the following lucid manner of doing so: “Now, sir, you may go on to where you see that big dale-fir tree, and when you get there ye may wheel to the left for about three perch, and then turn in to the right and stand near the bush where Master Edmund shot the cat three years ago.” It is not known whether the “gun” ever reached the desired position. The same keeper, on being reproved by his master for not giving enough exercise to a retriever dog, excused himself thus: “Well, sir, I had him out only yesterday, and before I felt he made several semi-quavers round the field, and I was afraid he'd get away from me.” Semi-quavers probably meant semi-circles! The words “horrid” and “horrible” are used in quite a different sense here to what they are in other parts of the British Isles; they may be complimentary, as is shown in the following:—The squire's son has returned from India, after service with his regiment there, and is met by an old retainer who greets him joyfully, and exclaims, “Oh, Master John, what a horrid monster you have grown!” this being the best way in which he could describe the admiration he felt for the finely-built man who had left home some years before as a slight and fragile boy. Again, the writer remembers an occasion when an old farmer, living near, who had adopted the then novel horse-churn, described it as a “horrid improvement.” And yet another, when staring intently at the moon and cogitating as to how its different phases are caused, was overheard to say, “The ways of God is horrible!” meaning thereby, of course, marvellous and unintelligible.

We must, however, get back to our shoot, the beaters having now got to some very good heathery covert where young trees are growing up well; the rabbits soon begin to move—too fast perhaps for some of us, but anyone who has tried will appreciate to



J. W. Dick.

NOT AT HOME.

Copyright

the full the difficulties of shooting in tussocky heather (*liber-nick*, "punkhauns" of heather)—what a contrast to the system adopted in so many places in England of wiring in a considerable area of grass, and murdering every rabbit under the name of sport (*sic*!), and what sporting shots we get there. It is here that the essential necessity of careful placing of the guns is seen, as any carelessness might cause a serious accident, and those of us who have once seen a man shot, as the writer did on one occasion in Argyllshire, would never wish to repeat the experience. The beats here are very short, and consequently all the guns are somewhat close together; a big drain is encountered by the line of beaters, and one of them is heard to say to the others, "Let you'se step over"—taking very good care all the time not to "step over" himself. "Will you'se keep line or will yez not?" was heard not long ago, said by a keeper in a tone of despair when the line resembled more in shape a twisted horseshoe than anything else.

The last beat before lunch is in a small piece styled "the pheasant covert," where a few birds are got and a large number of rabbits, with, it is to be hoped, not an excessive outlay of cartridges, though the number of shots can only be likened, as one of the beaters said, to the battle of Alma! And then across a large rushy field, where there is some very pretty shooting. The day being a warm one, one of the guns, Captain T., remarks that unless he soon gets a whisky and soda he will have to stop walking!

The ladies of the house-party have, however, supplied all that could be wanted for lunch in the lodge at the entrance gates, the wife of the herd who lives there being more than pleased at the honour of entertaining the quality; and is it not on these occasions that the native inbred courtesy of the Irish peasant character is conspicuous? No trouble was too great, and many small attentions could be noticed by an observant looker-on. These remarks perhaps refer more to the older generation than those of modern days, whose manners have not been improved by the teaching of the National League and its heroes.

While the party is at lunch, discussion turns upon local superstitions, and one of those at the table is called upon to tell of his experience on a farm close by where, not many months ago, he was a witness of the "worm-charm" tried as a cure—and apparently an effective one—for a horse that was ill. This "worm-charm" is a mysterious rite and a relic of bygone days. The owner and several neighbours formed a ring round the horse, and then the old man who was to act as master of the ceremonies stepped forward and stood over the horse holding a worm by each end and drawing it out tight between the fingers; if it did not break, then the horse would recover, and *vice versa*. Some of those at lunch were sufficiently unbelieving to say that the usual remedy of salts and nitre procured from the nearest vet. would probably be more efficient; but it will be a pity when these strange ideas are lost in the oblivion of the past.

We are now compelled to make a fresh start, as our host knows only too well that the light will not last long enough to finish all the ground which has to be covered. The beat now takes us along the edge of the lake—pretty shooting it is through the rushy tufts along the brink with the calm surface of the water close by. Our shots here put up a number of wildfowl and plover, which are always to be found, winter and summer, in the hospitable bays of the lake. And now a heron is seen to rise, startled by the shooting, and to float silently away on his slowly-flapping wings to the other lake half a mile away. We are coming now to the last beat of the day, and a goodly number of rabbits are picked up, especially across two rides cut in some bracken at the end of a big wood, where our guns get hot from perpetual firing.

To finish with there is a piece of rough grass, and one of the beaters who is getting tired suggests to his companion on the right who is passing a sally-bush, "Just coax the butt of that sally with your stick, Tom, and see is there ere a rabbit in it"—a euphonious way of intimating that his friend should beat out the bush, but still implying that he should not do so roughly but just "coax" the rabbit out! Strange expressions such as these are peculiarly Irish, but when analysed it will generally be found that the ones used are extremely applicable to the object in view. One of the boys some years ago living near here, on being told by his master that he (the master) would get him a suit of clothes when going the following day to the local town for a suit for himself, was asked what sort of cloth he would like, and gave the prompt answer, "The same as yours, your honour," much to the amusement of the master. How quick to answer when compared with the somewhat stolid behaviour and slow replies of the same class of people in many parts of England.

It is rapidly growing dark now, and the line is hurried across the last open field, picking up several rabbits even on the bare grass where there was no covert, so efficacious had the "stopping out" done by the keeper been.

And now the last scene in the long day of varied sport and incident is drawing to a close, and after wishing "good-bye" to those of our friends who do not form the house-party, we

inspect the total bag, which consists of 460 rabbits and 8 pheasants, a goodly show when all laid out in lines—so many, in fact, that one of the guns expresses his belief that were they put heads and tails (not forgetting the cat) they would reach from the house to the gate-lodge!

On looking out after dinner, we found that it was pouring with rain, and we were able to congratulate ourselves on our good fortune in not having had, previous to the shoot, what old Pat described as "an uncontrollable night." We feel as we settle ourselves before the fire and smoke our pipes before going to bed, that we have done a good day's shooting, all fair, quick shots which taxed the accuracy of aim and steadiness of hand; and not the worst sensation is the one of having had good healthy exercise and no mishaps of any kind occurring. Many stories are told before we all finally retire, one especially which seems worthy of record. When out grouse shooting in Roscommon last season, one of the guns shot a hare, and the beater in bringing it up to him, fondling and stroking it (because hares are not very plentiful now), remarked, "Yez may say what yez like about partridges or grouse, but there's the finest bird of the lot!"

J. MACKAY WILSON.



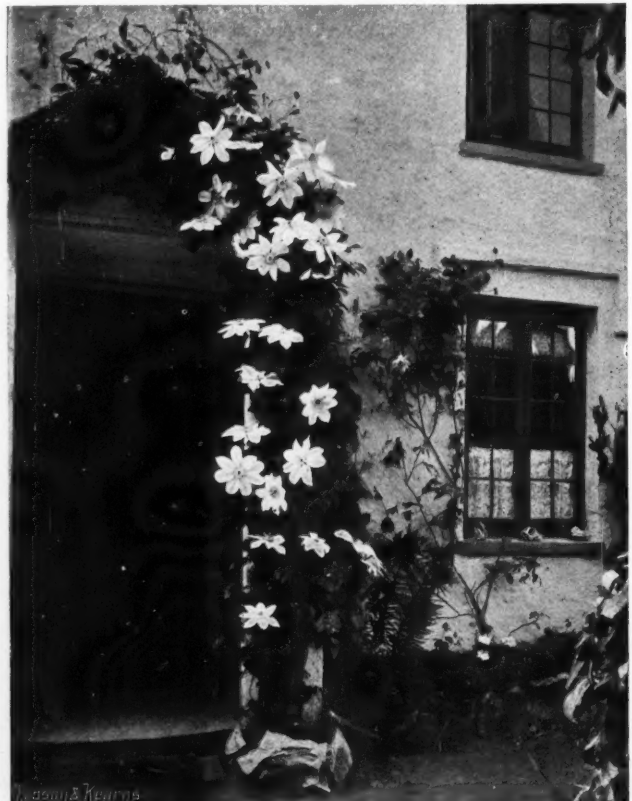
THE SIBERIAN IRISES BY WATER.

IRIS Kämpferi is not alone in its appreciation of a moist soil. The Siberian Iris, too, enjoys moisture, though not actual contact with a stream or lake.

We wish this beautiful family of hardy flowers were more used in English gardens. *I. sibirica* is as hardy as any, and will thrive on a border almost as well as by the water-side. But it is when grouped by a lake or stream that its full beauty is revealed—its graceful grass-like foliage and soft-coloured flowers poised upon slender stems. But the position in which it is planted must not be overshadowed by trees. Shade is not congenial to it. The type has blue flowers delicately veined with white, and there is an ivory-coloured variety named *alba*, which grows about the same height as the species. Although its flowers are not a clear white, they are very effective. More beautiful than either of these is *I. orientalis*, which is closely allied to the Siberian Iris. It has beautiful flowers of rich purple-blue colouring and held upon graceful stems. This Iris is as charming as any flower of the garden, and a strong group of it is precious by the water.

THE NEWER CLEMATISES.

Our illustration this week is of one of the commoner varieties of Clematis which we have written of on a previous occasion. It is, therefore, unnecessary to refer to them further than to remark that upon south walls the lavender and other delicately-tinted kinds are just now very beautiful. It is only upon warm walls that the more delicate varieties succeed. My note more concerns that new hybrid race which was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of June 11th, the hybrids



T. H. Worsley.

CLEMATIS OVER A DOORWAY.

Copyright.

raised by Messrs. Jackman of Woking. They are a complete departure, the distinct species (*C. coccinea*) having been crossed with some of the garden varieties which garland many a pillar with beauty in summer and early autumn. These hybrids are very strong in growth, and exceptionally free, a wealth of flowers being produced upon the young wood. The writer cares less for them grown in pots than when used as climbers, wreathing pillar, trellis, or arbour with light, pleasing foliage, from which the prettily shaped and coloured flowers appear in profusion. As new hybrids are raised the colouring will become more diversified, varying from self crimson to soft rose-pink. We hope Messrs. Jackman will continue to develop this interesting and beautiful race.

THE AUSTRIAN BRIER ROSES.

We have heard the Austrian Briers described as the most artistic of Roses. This is indeed true, especially of the single copper variety known as *punica*, in which a rich copper colour suffuses the outside of the petals, but deep crimson-brown within. The single yellow and copper have been about 300 years in British gardens, and the finest and most abundant bloom is got upon wood a year old. For this reason it is wise to plant a bold group, treating one-half each year, and leaving the remainder untouched. In both cases the flower display will be abundant, more so upon the plants pruned hard the previous year. It is true that these Roses bloom in the summer only. The display, unfortunately, is not long-lasting, but the beauty of the flowers repays for their brief season. The double yellow Persian and double but paler-coloured Harrisoni belong to this group too.

THE BRIER ROSES FOR HEDGES.

We wish those who have good gardens would get rid of Privet and iron railings as dividing lines. Privet is evil-looking and evil-smelling—dingy, hungry, and monotonous. Iron railings spoil the best gardens. The Brier Roses, however, form hedges that no cattle would care to penetrate—we mean the hard spiny kinds. Sweet Brier forms a charming hedge near the pleasure grounds. We know one garden in which it is planted everywhere, and in summer evenings the air is filled with fragrance. The Japanese Rose makes a very strong hedge, and can be strengthened with quick, whilst we should think the Penzance Briers would form excellent Roses for the purpose too. The knife must not be recklessly used amongst the Briers. Very little cutting in will be necessary.

LONDON PRIDE AS AN EDGING.

Many plants are thought little of because considered too common to use. The London Pride (*Saxifraga umbrosa*) is one of these, but when in suitable soil and position it is very charming, utterly unlike the weakly tufts common in many places. These do not represent the true character of the plant. We lately saw in the woodland of a Buckinghamshire garden edges formed of nothing but London Pride. It marked out the paths, and was a film of rose colour from the thousand tarry flowers crowding the slender stems. When it becomes too aggressive some of the outer portions are removed. This Saxifrage is pretty when in bloom, and attractive at all seasons. Its green leaves are restful.

THE BRONZE LEAF.

At this time of year a group of the Bronze Leaf (*Rodgersia podophylla*) is enjoyable. It is one of the most effective of hardy plants, relishing a moist soil, thriving even when its feet, so to say, are almost in water. The leaves are large, much divided, and rich bronze-green in colour, hence the popular name; but as autumn approaches the bronzy hue gives place to a rich crimson colouring, which adds to the effectiveness of the plant. The flowers are produced in a spike in the early summer, and their creamy-white colouring is pleasing. China and Japan are the native lands of the Bronze Leaf, but it is quite hardy, readily increased, too, if the creeping rhizomes be cut up when more groups are required. Moisture, it must be remembered, is essential to success.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We shall be very pleased to answer questions relating to the garden, and we hope, too, our readers will send any notes of interest about their gardens or individual flowers.

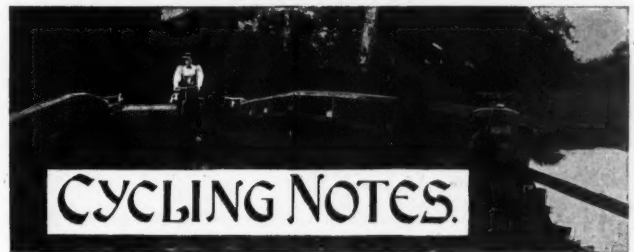
ON THE GREEN.

HARRY VARDON is a very much undefeated golfer. He won the championship; he had just previously won the tournament at Musselburgh.

Following on the championship meeting came the competition on the Nicholas Club's green, also at Prestwick. That he again won. After that a certain number of the professionals journeyed to the inland but very beautiful course at Windermere, where a competition was held under rather curious conditions. Competitive scoring rounds had first to be played, and those who returned the four lowest scores were to play out, tournament-wise, to see who was the best man. Vardon, Taylor, Braid, and Sayers were the survivors of this scoring contest—the four lowest scorers. In the tournament it fell to Braid to encounter Vardon in the full tide of his success. The champion was too good for him, returning a 69 against his 75. Taylor and Sayers had an excellent match, the North Berwick man covering himself with glory and winning by a single stroke, with 73 strokes to 74. Finally Vardon and Sayers met, and the latter played a wonderfully good and plucky game. He did not beat Vardon—that was hardly to be looked for—but he put the champion at his best paces, and was only defeated by a single stroke. Again Vardon was the victor. Such a series of victories is probably unparalleled. It recalls the wonderful run of successes that Herd had about the time of the championship meeting of three years ago; but there was a break in Herd's chain of victories, and an important break—he failed to win the championship. There was no such failure or break in Vardon's victories. He was undefeated throughout, and we imagine that such a record stands unmatched. Among other competitions of some note was that for the medal given for any member of the local North Berwick clubs. This was decided in favour of the veteran medal-winner, Mr. A. M. Ross. On the two rounds his score was better by seven strokes than that of any other; nevertheless, we cannot but think that some of these others might have contested the palm of victory more closely, for Mr. Ross's two rounds of 84 and 90 are not in the nature of phenomena on a fair scoring day, such as that enjoyed by the players. Mr. D. M. Jackson and Mr. Outhwaite tied for second place at 181. Mr. Dalziel and Mr. T. T. Gray were amongst the many that might have done better than they did.

There does not seem a prospect of the Parliamentary tournament being finished for a while. Mr. Seton-Karr and Mr. Fison are the survivors, the former having beaten Mr. Wanklyn very severely in the last played semi-final tie. It is said that a Scottish green will be the arena of the last fight, some time in the spring, and if St. Andrews be chosen, Mr. Seton-Karr, at all events, will

be familiar enough with it. He is playing in great form just now, and gave a terribly severe beating to Mr. Croal, when a team of the House of Commons met a team of the Tooting Bec Club, at Furzedown. By no less than nine holes did Mr. Seton-Karr win his match; but none the less the legislators were beaten by 25 holes to 15. A team of the Ashdown Forest Club was worsted by a team of the Seaford Club, on the latter's home green, Mr. S. H. Fry leading off well for the local side by winning four holes from Mr. Hyde. Mr. Reade, however, for Ashdown, did well in beating Mr. T. Gilroy, the secretary of the Seaford Club, and a fine golfer. But there is a sad gap in the ranks of Seaford golfers since the loss of poor Captain Nugent.



THERE are few greater pleasures to the wandering cyclist than to depart from the main roads, however good and picturesque they be, and to make deviations in one direction or another, in the hope of finding something even more picturesque, and possibly equally good as regards the surface. In some parts of the country this is all but impossible; a by-road means a bad road. In the South, however, the reverse is frequently the case. There are bad roads in plenty, it is true, away from the main routes; how bad, one does not realise until one enters into certain districts of Suffolk and Sussex. But that there are scores of roads, particularly in Surrey, which would satisfy in every way the desires of the cyclist's heart, but which none the less are rarely explored, except by those resident in the locality, is unfortunately too true. There are a number of main arteries down to the coast which the London cyclist, and perhaps rightly, first essays to traverse; such are the roads to Brighton, Hastings, Worthing, Eastbourne, Portsmouth, and Bournemouth. All these are well worth doing, the Brighton road, however, being the least satisfactory of the lot; but the cross and tangential routes from these main arteries are usually ignored, although many of them amply repay exploration.

Sometimes, of course, a voyage of discovery ends unsuccessfully, the roads degenerating into cart tracks, and the scenery possibly not being attractive; but this only adds zest to the joy of discovering something that is in every way delightful. As a sample of what might be done in the way of exploration, I may mention the area which lies between the Portsmouth and Worthing roads, especially within the rhomboid formed by connecting the towns of Guildford, Dorking, Liphook, and Horsham. Within this area the cyclist might profitably spend many days, and find much that is as picturesque as it is secluded.

Many riders are taking to tandems, of the open-fronted or open-backed variety, since cycling has become so popular among ladies, because of the well-known fact that when husband and wife or brother and sister go out together, the man, as a rule, is riding too much within his powers for absolute enjoyment, while his fair companion may be travelling both too far and too fast to feel really happy. A tandem equalises matters; and as soon as the lady has learned to do a reasonable amount of work, the man can utilise his greater strength to their joint advantage, as well as relieving her of the responsibility of steering.

There is another method, however, of assisting a lady which has not been sufficiently practised in this country, though in Ireland, where it was introduced several years ago, it is fairly popular. I refer to the art of towing. Unscientific towing is distinctly bad; but with a properly arranged tow-line the male rider can assist a lady to an astonishing degree without materially hampering his own progression. In some respects it is even better than tandem riding in this particular. All depends, however, on the suitable construction of the line. In the current issue of the *Hub* a writer describes a most convenient method of producing such a line, and also of its attachment to each machine. A piece of window-blind cord, of about 4½ yds. in length, should first be procured, and connected to the head of the towing machine. Directions are given by the writer in question for the insertion of a spring in such a way as to prevent sudden jerks, but at the same time to admit of the line itself becoming taut before the string is fully extended, so that when excessive strains have to be borne the spring is not broken. The cord is passed between the springs of the man's saddle, and before mounting he passes the line between his legs, and, picking up all the slack, puts it in his left pocket. He then mounts, and going slowly on to the right hand of the lady to be towed, who is also riding, he hands her the end of the line, which he has now taken out of his pocket.

He then passes slowly ahead while the lady is connecting her end of the line to the head of her machine, which should be done by passing the line round the left side of the handle-bar stem and then giving it one or two turns round the right handle-bar, preventing the end from escaping by passing it between her hand and the handle-grip. The line having been properly connected, the lady gives the signal to go ahead, and the tower goes forward until the line becomes taut. When this occurs a disagreeable shock would be felt on both machines but for the india-rubber spring, which, however, quite overcomes the vibration. This spring, which is easily seen by the tower, shows him by the comparative amount of extension the degree of force he is exerting in pulling. The lady ties the line to her machine so that when she desires to disconnect herself from the machine in front she has only to open her right hand and the line will instantly uncoil and detach itself from the handle-bar. This method of assisting a lady is certainly worthy of being experimented with, and is vastly better than the attempts at pushing from behind which not infrequently end in disaster.

If all cyclists were as public-spirited as Captain Best, of Eastbourne, there would be fewer cases of offensive driving on the wrong side by carters and others. He prosecuted the driver of a lorry at the Eastbourne Police Court a few days ago for cutting round a corner. It seems that Captain Best was obliged to jump from his machine, and when he remonstrated with the driver, the latter replied that he "thought there was room." The Captain rejoined, "That is not the point at all. You have no business there. You ought to have been out in the road." The presiding magistrate said that the last time a similar case was before the court, when they were also indebted to Captain Best,

they imposed a fine of 5s., and then said that they attached so much importance to the rule of the road being observed that they would be disposed to increase the penalty in future cases. However, the defendant appeared to have been very civil, and would be fined 5s. only; but they would have to make an example, unless what was said by Captain Best was fully realised. This was in reference to a previous remark by the Captain, that the drivers of tradesmen's vehicles did not seem to grasp and realise the fact that cycles were carriages within the meaning of the Highway Acts.

THE PILGRIM.



THERE were great doings on Saturday both at Hurlingham and Ranelagh. At the Barn Elms rendezvous pony races were the centre of attraction, whilst the Horse Show at Hurlingham drew a large number of spectators, and polo was in full swing at both places all the afternoon. The Ranelagh executive had arranged a capital programme for their afternoon's entertainment, of which the obstacle race was won by Mr. A. Smart on his clever pony Marjory, the bending race went to Captain de Lisle's Mary Morrison, Mr. Freaque's Lady Dunkirk took the polo scurry, Mr. "Reggie" Ward won the Victoria Cross race, whilst the band of the 15th Hussars discoursed sweet music, and Lady de Trafford presented some very handsome prizes to the fortunate winners.

Whilst these things were going on at Ranelagh, some very good polo ponies were on view in the picturesque grounds of the Fulham club, where the band of the "Royals" from Hounslow enlivened the proceedings with their music. There is no man playing the game who rides such wonderful weight-carriers as Mr. W. J. Dryborough, and he took the first prize in this class with his marvellous dark chestnut Charlton, who is the model of what a sixteen-stone hunter should be. Lord Kensington's Figgei took the first prize for light-weight



Copyright

MR. FREAK GETS A GOAL.

"C.L."

polo ponies, and the champion prize was won by Mr. W. Jones's charming mare Luna. There were also prizes for ladies' hacks, and the jumping competitions, as usual, attracted plenty of interest.

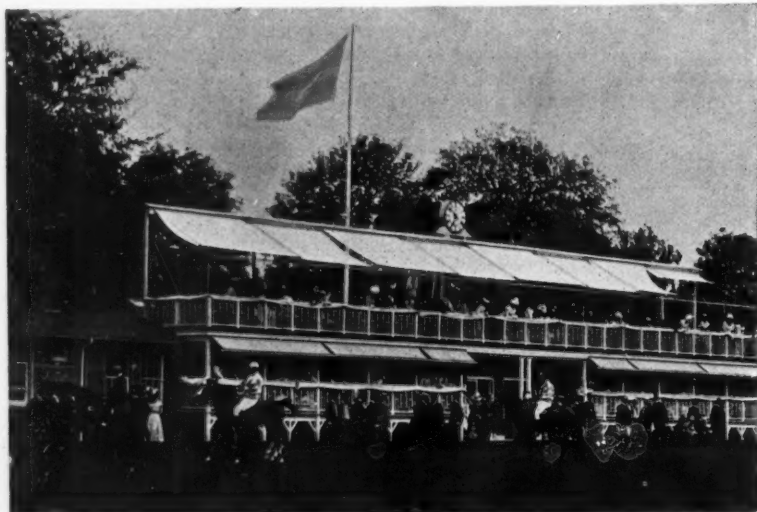
Meanwhile, there was some interesting play to be watched on the polo ground, where the first match to take place was one between the home club and the 13th Hussars. The soldiers played a good team, composed of Captain Pedder, Messrs. Church and Dangar, and their old and invaluable back, Major McLaren; but what could they do against such a four as Messrs. W. Jones, Freaque, W. Buckmaster, and John Watson, who represented the club. The Hussars played up well, but were naturally unable to make headway with such a powerful combination as they were pitted against, and they did well to suffer defeat by not more than five points, the score being 6 goals to 1 when the bell rang for the last time. Another Hurlingham team, consisting of Messrs. G. Heseltine, H. C. Bentley, W. J. Dryborough, and L. McCreery, then rode on to the ground to oppose the Blues, who played their usual four. This time the soldiers galloped all round their adversaries, and gained a very easy victory by 5 goals to 1.

There were three matches decided at Ranelagh during the same afternoon, and the best polo, perhaps, was seen in that between the Barnes Rovers, represented by Messrs. Crawley, J. Wormald, Kinchant, and Vaughan, and Warwickshire, for whom Messrs. E. D. O'Rourke, Powell, Selwyn, and Tree did battle. The Rovers went away at first, but seemed to lose their combination towards the finish, whereas their opponents pulled themselves together as the game went on, and having by some clever passing scored three times during the last two periods, they were ultimately defeated by only 5 goals to 4. The 12th Lancers beat a moderate team of the Incogniti by 9 goals to 4, and then a home club team beat the Quidnuncs by 5 goals to 2.

Having been at Ascot from Monday to Friday in last week, I was naturally unable to be at Hurlingham or Ranelagh at the same time, but I hear from my coadjutor that the 10th Hussars on Monday played in great form against a strong Ranelagh team, whom they defeated by 10 goals to 6. On Tuesday the 13th Hussars made a powerful Rugby team do all they knew to beat them by 5 goals to 2, Major McLaren being very conspicuous throughout; whilst on Wednesday there was a great fight between the Inniskillings, and Messrs. W. Jones, P. W. Nickalls, Buckmaster, and W. J. Dryborough, representing Ranelagh. At the end of the sixth period the score was 5 all, both sides playing up in grand form, and it was not until nearly the end of another ten minutes that the Dragoons scored their seventh goal, and won the match.

This year's Inter-Regimental Tournament has begun with a great match and a rare surprise. On Monday last the Blues played the 10th Hussars, and if there were any betting to speak of about polo, odds of 6 to 4 would certainly have been laid on the first-named. For myself, I thought that these two teams would be about equal, and that the scale would be turned in the Horse Guards' favour by the class of their ponies. This was too good a match to be described in a few lines, and as space prevents my doing it justice here I must leave it to my next week's notes. Suffice it to say that the Hussars played better together, and hit harder than their opponents, whom I have often seen play far better polo than they did on this occasion, and forcing the play from the very commencement, eventually won by 4 goals to 2. The Blues played up for all they were worth during the last period, and were better together than they had been during the match, but their adversaries' defence was too good to be broken down, and Brand was playing in great form for his side.

The 13th Hussars next put in an appearance to oppose the 12th Lancers, whom they defeated, after a tough fight, by 1 point, and they had to play the 10th Hussars later. The winners of this match will have to tackle the Inniskilling Dragoons on Saturday, and this will be a match worth going a long way to see. OUTPOST.



Copyright

THE STANDS AT HURLINGHAM.

"C.L."



Copyright

HON. REGINALD WARD ON BLACK BELLA.

"C.L."

Storks in Asia Minor.

TWO of the luckiest creatures to have in or about a house are the goat and the stork, according to Turkish tradition. Mahomet decreed a blessing on all houses which kept a goat, and promised that if an angel passed by a house where three goats were kept, the said angel should always "look in" if he were passing that way. So, too, with the storks. They are not only believed to bring children to Mussulmans as well as to Christians—rather a doubtful blessing, one would think, under the Sultan's rule—

but also prosperity and peace. Where a stork's nest is on the roof the pipe of tranquillity may be smoked on the carpet of silence; and where three storks have made their abode, as on the poor Turkish farmer's hovel—one can hardly call it a house—shown in our illustration, one can imagine no limits to the possibilities of contemplative laziness ensured.

The storks come and go as regularly in Turkey as they did in Palestine in the days of King Solomon. The hours of farm labour throughout the year are divided into long days and short days, the former in summer and the latter in winter. The beginning of each period dates from the coming and going of the storks. Europeans who use an almanac say there is seldom more than two days' difference from year to year, and the storks are better arbiters than the calendar, for they come with the weather for guide.

Lately the storks have greatly diminished in European Turkey. This causes great misgivings to the Turks, who regard it as an omen that their empire in Europe will shortly diminish or cease.

It is doubtful if storks ever nested in England. Our islands are just out of their range, though there are plenty further north, in Denmark and on the Baltic coast. Wherever found, from Riga to Morocco, they are encouraged and befriended by man, yet their numbers do not increase, and their European area dwindles yearly.



A DWELLING-PLACE FOR THE STORK.

Country Life in Rhodesia.

[FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.]

THE outdoor woman in Rhodesia may have—to borrow an Americanism—a “real good time,” if she is prepared to rough it and face difficulties in sportswoman fashion. She is not usually welcomed as a member of a lion-hunting expedition, though one or two venturesome feminine spirits have joined in a war trail directed against the monarch of Matabele. But apart from such big game hunting, there are many other forms of outdoor life to satisfy the woman of athletic habit. Golf proves impossible, since the balls would be inevitably and extravagantly lost in sand and veldt, but tennis fills up the void occasioned by the absence of links and putting greens. Lawn tennis is unknown, for lawns are non-existent luxuries. The Rhodesian tennis ground consists of anthill mud, pounded hard and firm, so that it is almost as “springy” to play upon as though the court were of asphalt. Women fortunate enough to be attached to a man connected with the Chartered Company may hire, at reduced rate, some Kaffir convict labour towards the construction of a tennis ground. White labour is so expensive, that a tennis ground made by Europeans would represent, from the amount of money sunk in it, rather a miniature gold mine than a recreation ground. Owing to the quickness of vegetable growths, an ant-mud tennis ground neglected for two or three weeks becomes a wilderness of weeds, looking far more like a plantation than a “court.” By the way, that agriculturist who discovers a crop which will grow apace as do Rhodesian weeds will have struck real luck. Both tennis net and racquets need to be wrapped up and guarded as carefully as a Court gown, otherwise they will fall a prey to the voracious appetite of the white ant, for whom saddles and all sporting accessories seem to have an irresistible attraction.

The woman who is not fortunate enough to possess a horse of her own—a costly luxury since the days of the rinderpest—gets many a chivalrous mount from “camp.” For if horses are rare, so too are ladies, and the men are more than pleased to accord the courtesies of life to the few women in their midst. But at some seasons, when fodder is both scarce and dear, owners must perforce economise the amount of exercise their horses take. At such seasons the most

popular woman of the settlement may be unable to get a mount or a drive. After the rains, however, when fodder is plentiful, horse-owners are apt to wax generous. When locusts are plentiful, driving proves to be somewhat uncomfortable, since clouds of these colonial pests, looking in the distance like an approaching snow-storm, beat against the carriage occupants and practically blind the horses for the time being by fluttering in thick flight about their bewildered heads. Locusts and dust prove perhaps the most serious drawbacks to Rhodesian outdoor amusements, at least, from the woman's point of view, although a woman who intends to enjoy colonial life soon discards the fripperies of dress, and adopts a sensible tweed costume with high canvas gaiters. Clad in so suitable and neat a turn-out, she defies the dust to do its worst.

The climate of Rhodesia, excepting for the short hot season and the two months' rain, is so delightful and exhilarating that it keeps one “fit” and ready for outdoor exercise. The house doors are rarely shut, save during the glare of the midday sun, and every class of the community lives in the open, the brightness of the climate preventing an otherwise inevitable dullness arising from the somewhat monotonous conditions of social life. The bicycle is the most popular vehicle in Rhodesia, since it monopolises little of the valuable and costly house space and consumes no fodder, this last being a most important consideration, and cyclists of both sexes once hardened to the dusty roads enjoy many delightful runs through picturesque Rhodesia. Bicycle gymkhanas are among the most popular form of entertainment, although perhaps nothing is so dear to the heart, both masculine and feminine, as a good cricket match. A man who cannot play cricket is held of “little account,” and masculine interest, even in a woman, soon wanes when he discovers that she is not an expert in the noble art of wicket-keeping and cannot appreciate the full meaning of a wily feat connected with “fielding.” So great is the love of the game, that when a new curate is about to be appointed to a mining camp or settlement, a petition is sent to the bishop praying that no churchman be appointed who is not a skilled cricketer. Cricket, like tennis, is played on a flattened anthill mud surface, since the coarse grass of the veldt is out of the question. Kaffirs and Matabele alike glory in the merits of “white man's ball,” and learn to appreciate with some degree of keenness and criticism a capital hit or a clever bye.

The rainy season is the only period of despair to the sporting woman's heart, for during the rains outdoor sport is unattainable. In the appalling thunder-storms and downpours of rain, it is difficult enough to keep dry and comfortable in the house, without attempting to brave outside elements. The rain pours down the chimneys and puts out the fires, it beats on the church roof with such violence that the clergyman perforce stops the service and sermon, and life for the men on the veldt is full of hardship. Clothes and blankets become drenched, camp fires are impossible, so that to be wet through for a week at a time is no uncommon experience to the miner and camp settler. The pathways become like ploughed fields, so that sportsmen and cyclists alike are reduced to a condition of famine so far as amusement goes.

After the rains the loveliness of the landscape is almost beyond description. Tiger-lilies grow wild on the river banks side by side with exquisite ferns and orchids. Sunflowers luxuriate like weeds, as do gorgeous-hued nasturtiums and dahlias. Gardening in Rhodesia is attended with many difficulties, chief of which are the dearth of labour and the plentifulness of locusts. Convict labour, when obtainable, proves very acceptable, for white gardening is within the purchase only of South African millionaires, and the Kaffir, so far, has not taken kindly to the niceties of horticulture, for he barely knows the difference between a blossom and a root, and if not constantly supervised will frequently set a plant root uppermost; so that the woman in Rhodesia who wishes her small colonial possessions to look nice, and aims at providing vegetables and greenery to vary the monotony of Rhodesian meals, needs to know something of practical gardening, else her household bills with potatoes at £3 a sack and cauliflowers at 2s. each are apt to mount up in an appalling manner.

Salads and “greenstuffs” are unobtainable, unless the woman of the house sets up a kitchen garden in a packing-case, which she can protect from insect ravages. If she is unsophisticated enough to plant the radishes and salad in her garden, sooner or later it will fall to her lot to view from her window at breakfast-time a vista of bare stumps remaining from the bed of fresh lettuces that “the locusts have eaten.” Gates and fences are too costly to be common, and neighbouring poultry break through the tree-boughs which are laid down to mark the boundary between one compound and another; and hungry chickens are serious enemies to radish and cress. Gardening in packing-cases therefore becomes a necessity.

A knack of carpentry is a most valuable quality in a Rhodesian woman, who must needs be able to fashion any necessities and comforts from the ubiquitous packing-case. A poultry-loving woman knocks together a few such cases, and thus easily manufactures a series of ideal hen-roosts. She makes gay window-boxes from the same primitive and plentiful source, and covers her verandah with shady blossoming creepers rooting in a wooden case which brought up a grocery supply from Cape Town. She borders her flower-beds with empty tinned-meat cans, and filling these with gorgeous semi-tropical blossoms, makes her little place a pleasant sight amid the dust and heat of a Rhodesian summer.

A lover of Nature finds many joys and novelties in a Rhodesian garden, from new and unknown blossoms to the gay and beautiful moths vying in tint with the flowers whereon they settle. There is the Hottentot God, looking somewhat as though it were made of dry slender wood-stalks, and proving one of the noisiest of insects, since it squeaks incessantly by means of a mechanism in its middle, which enables it to shriek aloud somewhat after the fashion of a squeaking doll. Butterflies—crimson, yellow, and combining all the colours of the rainbow—flutter about in the great flowering mimosa trees.

And the days and the months slip by in pleasant and picturesque fashion to those whose love of Nature leads them to appreciate and enjoy the country life of Rhodesia.

The Vasco da Gama Regatta.

THE sportsmanlike efforts of the Portuguese to establish a regatta in Cascaes Bay should be appreciated by all yachtsmen; and though the result this year was somewhat of a disappointment, the scheme has in it all the elements of success—a perfect course, liberal prizes, and the enthusiastic

support of all classes. The principal cause of failure was the fact that it was considered necessary to hold the regatta in connection with the Vasco da Gama celebrations, which postponed the date until it clashed with the opening of the yacht-racing season in England. This need not occur again, and in future a date should be fixed which will enable racing yachts to combine a visit to the Tagus with their annual expedition to the Mediterranean.

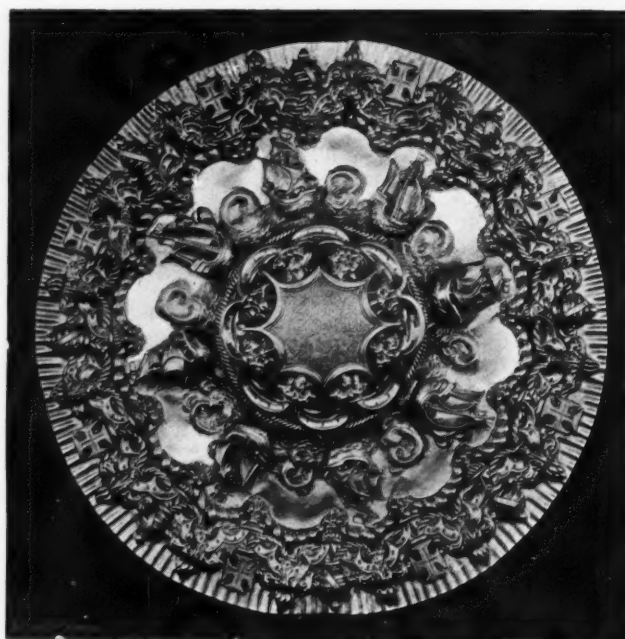
The whole programme was conceived in a spirit of the greatest liberality, and the prizes offered, consisting of two magnificent silver cups, gold and silver medals, together with large sums of added money, were well worthy of competition by the best class of racing craft. This liberal programme, which provided races for yachts above sixty rating and above fifty rating, for cruisers, and for the small classes, only drew one foreign entry, the cruiser *Cariad*, belonging to Lord Dunraven, who was visiting Lisbon at the request of the Royal Geographical Society, in order to act as their representative at the Vasco da Gama celebrations.

The want of success in obtaining entries was doubtlessly disappointing, but the Portuguese are thorough sportsmen, and are determined that no effort shall be spared to make the regatta a success next time.



The conditions under which the splendid Vasco da Gama Cup is held provide that the organisation of the regatta shall devolve on the club holding the cup—now the Royal Yacht Squadron—with the assistance of the Portuguese Yacht Clubs and the Geographical Society of Lisbon. The Squadron will no doubt recognise the very handsome and sportsmanlike conduct of the Portuguese, and will take such steps as shall ensure plenty of competitors.

The races for the big classes are held in Cascaes Bay, just outside the Tagus, one of the most perfect courses which could be imagined, since it combines a smooth sea with plenty of wind. The bay is protected from every wind except south-west by Cape Roca and the high land in the interior of Portugal, while from March to October the prevailing wind is a steady northerly breeze, which is so constant as to be named the Portu-



guese trade wind. The nearest high land, the Serra da Cintra, is too far distant to interfere with the force or direction of the wind, while the stretch of protected water inside Cape Roca is sufficient to lay out a thirty-mile course. Cascaes Bay affords fair anchorage, but most yachts would prefer to lie off Belem or even Lisbon. The hospitality extended by everyone to the visitors was unbounded, and tended very greatly to render their stay enjoyable. The *Cariad* was allowed the use of a Government mooring and of the arsenal landing-stage, and even the custom-house officers did not attempt to come aboard. If the regatta could be fixed as an adjunct to the Mediterranean season, it should attract the best racing yachts on their way home, and the plucky efforts of the Portuguese should be crowned with the success they deserve.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week represents the wife of Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bart., the well-known Home Secretary. Lady Matthew White Ridley is a daughter of the first Lord Tweedmouth, and sister of the present Lord Tweedmouth, so that her husband and her brother are as far apart politically as the North and South Poles. She was married in 1873. The country seat of Sir Matthew and Lady White Ridley is Blagdon, Cramlington, Northumberland; their town house is 10, Carlton House Terrace.

A Royal Party at Lockinge.

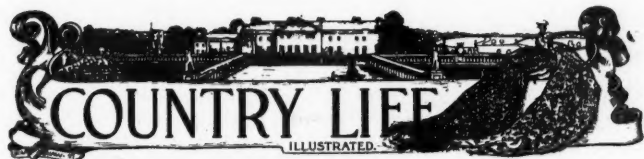
THE picture—and it is one of the first order of merit—to which these words are appended is commemorative of the visit paid to Lord and Lady Wantage by Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales in the middle of June. The occasion of the Royal visit to this part of Berkshire was the opening of the New University Extension buildings at Reading. After the ceremony, which possessed features of peculiar interest, Their Royal Highnesses became the guests of Lord Wantage, V.C., and Lady Wantage at Lockinge. A very distinguished house-party was favoured with invitations to do them honour. It included the French Ambassador, the Marquess and Marchioness of Granby, the Earl and Countess of Abingdon, Earl and Countess Grey, the Earl of Northbrook, Count Herman Hatzfeldt, Lady Jane Lindsay, Mr. Loyd, M.P., Lord James of Hereford, and Lord and Lady Henry Bentinck.



Review.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT LOCKINGE.

Copyright



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Our Frontispiece: The Hon. Lady Matthew White Ridley</i> ...	773, 784
<i>Sport in Other Lands: Scraps from an Old Shikar Book. (Illustrated)</i> ...	774
<i>Mr. and Mrs. Hood Wright's Dogs at Frame. (Illustrated)</i> ...	776
<i>A Rabbit Shoot in the Midlands of Ireland. (Illustrated)</i> ...	778
<i>In the Garden. (Illustrated)</i> ...	780
<i>On the Green</i> ...	781
<i>Cycling Notes</i> ...	781
<i>Storks in Asia Minor. (Illustrated)</i> ...	782
<i>Polo. (Illustrated)</i> ...	782
<i>The Vasco da Gama Regatta. (Illustrated)</i> ...	783
<i>A Royal Party at Lockinge. (Illustrated)</i> ...	784
<i>The Chess Tournament</i> ...	785
<i>Country Notes</i> ...	786
<i>Gardens Old and New: Alton Towers.—II. (Illustrated)</i> ...	788
<i>Literary Notes</i> ...	791
<i>In Town: "A Greek Slave"</i> ...	792
<i>Dramatic Notes</i> ...	793
<i>Under the Kosium</i> ...	793
<i>Racing Notes. (Illustrated)</i> ...	793
<i>A Test Trout</i> ...	796
<i>Extracts from the Log of a 14-Tonner. (Illustrated)</i> ...	797
<i>The Rothschild Museum at Tring. (Illustrated)</i> ...	798
<i>Books of the Day</i> ...	800
<i>The Paeonies. (Illustrated)</i> ...	801
<i>Correspondence</i> ...	802, xii, xiv, xvi.
<i>Notes from My Diary. (Illustrated)</i> ...	803, xvi.
<i>An Equestrian Lion. (Illustrated)</i> ...	xii.
<i>A Hedgehog's Stroll. (Illustrated)</i> ...	xiv.
<i>From the Pavilion</i> ...	xiv.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

With regard to photographs, the price required for reproduction, together with all descriptive particulars, must be plainly stated. If it is desired that the photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed envelope must be enclosed for the purpose.

It must be distinctly understood that no one will be treated with who is not the owner of the copyright of the photograph submitted, or who has not the permission in writing of the owner of the copyright to submit the photograph to the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE for reproduction.

The Chess Tournament.

IT would appear that the directors of the chess tournament at Vienna have determined to test the staying power as well as the skill of the players. By making it a two-round contest they have spread it over two months. The final result must therefore depend to a very large extent on physical endurance. And it will be curious to note whether youth or age emerges victor, especially as the most interesting figure is the oldest of the competitors. Mr. Steinitz is indeed the "W. G." of chess. He is not very far from his grand climacteric, and yet, after having completely broken down a few years ago, he has apparently undergone a process of rejuvenation, and is playing up to the form he used to show in the seventies. For vigour, brightness, and resource, the game in the first round, when he bowled over the Russian champion, or that in the fourth, when from beginning to end he out-calculated the rising American, Mr. Showalter, never have been surpassed. This feat over the board is as extraordinary in its own way as a fine innings by Grace, for in most cases the mind as well as the body grows stiff with age. A young man often makes a great flare-up in chess because of his suppleness, energy, and go. Lasker was scarcely out of his teens when he began his brilliant career, and Pillsbury was only twenty-two when he carried off the first prize in the Hastings Tournament. Yet of late the veterans have been holding their own. Schwarz is but a year younger than Steinitz. On his name being mentioned in connection with this tournament, it was generally assumed that he had been newly discovered; few could remember that he was going strong a generation ago. Mr. Blackburne too has passed his three score,

and yet few would be so bold as to assert that his natural force is abated. True he has not distinguished himself at the start, but that is Mr. Blackburne's way. His career, brilliant as it has been, has not done justice to his talent. In order to get out of the beaten track and away from the books he resorts to inferior openings and defences, that act as a voluntary handicap. The consequence is that nine times out of ten he lands in an ending of prolonged length, which by some clever stroke he is just able to change from a lost position to a draw. But to play a succession of these laborious contests must end in fatigue and weariness. In writing we have noticed something of the same kind. A novelist (and we have talked with many on the point), if he has been in extra good form one day and done something "the world will not willingly let die," will be wise on the next to take up his golf-club, his gun, his angle, or whatever be his favourite outdoor implement, and give his energy to that. His style, should he be so foolish as to stick to the desk, will have lost all its fine gloss and finish. In chess it is the same. Morphy, Zukertort, and Anderssen rolled into one could not produce brilliancies day by day for a period of two months, and Mr. Blackburne's splendid finish often costs him the next day's game.

Another reason for regretting this is that he is the only Englishman from whom great things were to be expected. Mr. Burn, though a sound and meritorious player, has done nothing in the past to warrant a hope that he will do more than acquit himself creditably. Mr. Trenchard is new to the international meetings, and is apparently outclassed. He is just a little over forty—in the prime of life, one may say—and for long has figured as the best player in the North London Club. But though it is possible that there are English amateurs—Mr. Atkins or Mr. Bellingham, for instance—who could hold their own against the best professionals, Mr. Trenchard does not rank as the very foremost of them. Mr. Caro, the fourth of the English representatives, excited great hopes at one time, but though a very fine player, he does not seem likely to come out as a champion. It is rather strange that London, emphatically a chess-playing town, and an attraction to players in all parts of the world, should not turn out more new men of promise. Perhaps the reason is that our cleverest young players are developed at the Universities, and belong to a class whose members have before them a choice of careers the humblest of which is preferable to that of a professional chess-player.

As we write there are four men who seem to be well in the running for top place. Of Mr. Steinitz something has already been said. He plays for America, and his most formidable rival, Mr. Pillsbury, is the champion of the stars and stripes. The encounter between the two resulted in a drawn battle. Mr. Pillsbury has played somewhat erratically since first coming to the front, and it has often been asked whether his early success did not in a measure partake of the nature of a fluke. He is only twenty-six, but this fact is discounted by a weakness of constitution which may injure his play when the strain begins to tell. Herr Lipke is still younger, little more than a boy indeed, but rumour had it that he was to be the star of the tournament. So far his performances have failed to justify the opinion. The fourth is Dr. Tarrasch. For several years past he has not played up to his reputation, the reason being that he was so immured in his medical studies as to have little leisure for pastime. But it looks as if this were one of the occasions when he is able to disengage his mind from all other sublunary affairs, and concentrate it on the board. So far he has played in his best style, and looks like making a successful struggle for first place with Steinitz and Pillsbury. His victory would be very popular. He has really a genius for the game, a genius equal to that of Blackburne himself, and, besides, he endears himself to other competitors by his very genial and vivacious character. Dr. Tarrasch is still between thirty and forty, the very age when a man is best fitted to bear the heat and burden of a long day. His old opponent, M. Tchigorine, has undergone a falling off, or perhaps his dashing old-fashioned style of attack breaks down before the safer and deeper calculations of the more modern practitioners. So too with the French representative, M. Janowsky. At one time he promised to be a formidable rival of the very best players. Perhaps, however, he may have been a little out of form at the beginning of the tournament; at all events he can scarcely be called a favourite now. A youth who is playing extremely well is Maroczy. Until a few years ago he figured only as an amateur, but the quality of his play was such as to cause great hopes of him to be entertained. Very likely he has not yet arrived at his full strength. Among the absentees, Dr. Lasker is unfortunately to be numbered. One would have liked to see him matched against Tarrasch and Pillsbury when these were at their best, for there are many who doubt if he be their superior. Another absentee is the brilliant young Hungarian, M. Charousek. It is painful to learn that the illness which prevented him from playing, and thus let in Mr. Trenchard, is so serious that his life is in danger. He did fair to eclipse the reputation even of the immortal Paul Morphy. Even with these left out, however, there has been gathered at Vienna such an array of talent as will make the tournament memorable in the annals of chess.



THE latest *Spectator* contains a pleasant but rather unduly pessimistic article on "Summer Cold," which came to the notice of the writer as he basked in torrid sunshine on the bowling-green of an ancient manor house facing due South and overlooking the Bristol Channel. All things in Nature, according to the article, have been going wrong. Small fledgling birds, young pheasants and partridges have died in large numbers; fish have been much affected by scarcity of surface food; green fly is everywhere working havoc in the gardens; fruit will for the most part be late, tasteless, and scarce. These are dark sayings; but it may be suspected that they are in some measure wholesale generalisations from particular experience. Certainly the writer has never seen Nature smile more kindly, or vegetation flourish more abundantly, than at that suntrap known as Gileston Manor, overlooking the southernmost point of Wales. Moreover, the gracious hostess had a cure for caterpillars, if not for green fly, which is at least worth mentioning. "Sprinkle with road dust" was her recipe. Her dust is made up mostly of blue limestone, and she is eminently practical. It would at least do no harm to give the recipe a trial; at worst it is harmless.

Although it is not formally settled, there seems to be little doubt, writes a Melton correspondent, that Captain Burns-Hartopp will be the new Master of the Quorn, in succession to Lord Lonsdale. Captain Burns-Hartopp, who has been well known for many years at Melton and in London, was formerly in the Royal Horse Guards. He has always been a good man across country, though a little hard upon hounds in his younger days. He has probably learned by experience how to address men who over-ride hounds. Captain Burns-Hartopp has the advantage of being a resident in the county, having married Miss Hartopp, one of the largest land-owners in Leicestershire. Captain and Mrs. Burns-Hartopp live principally at Scraftoft Hall, near the famous gorse of that name, and in the best of the Quorn country. One very satisfactory point about the selection of the committee is that it gives the Quorn a Master of local influence and county connections. All the Quorn Masters for many years have been strangers, with the exception of Mr. Green, of Rolleston, who only held office for one season. Captain Burns-Hartopp is a keen farmer, and believes he makes it pay.

Our "Looker-on," not having been nurtured in the Roman Catholic faith, frankly calls our attention to a letter from an "Old Catholic" to a contemporary, in which Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel is criticised in a very serious respect. "Mrs. Ward," says the "Looker-on," "is nothing if she is not serious and thorough. It is a real shock to me to read that in 'Helbeck of Bannisdale,' which is largely a novel of religion, dealing with Roman Catholics and Roman Catholicism, all the little details of Roman Catholic practices and social customs are, according to 'Old Catholic,' utterly and hopelessly wrong. This is terrible. Mrs. Ward is grimly earnest, a stranger to humour; but I took her accuracy on matters of this kind for granted, and if 'Old Catholic' is right it is plain that she ought not to have written the novel."

In our issue of April 23rd was published an article on "Pheasant Nursery," with some illustrations. By an oversight, which we regret, the name of the establishment from which the pictures were taken was not mentioned. Our attention has been called to the omission, and we hasten to say that the scenes depicted were taken from Mr. Robb's game farm at Liphook, which is one of the most famous establishments of its kind in the world.

Wherever strong men are gathered together, in camps, at hunt dinners, even at bump-suppers and at the old-fashioned "wines" of Oxford and Cambridge, there is a crying need for songs of action appropriate to the occasion. "John Peel," "The Hounds of the Meynell," "Georgia," "The Old Brigade," and a score besides of fine old choruses, will never be surpassed, but there is abundant room for more. Dr. Conan Doyle's "Songs of Action" (Smith, Elder) is clearly destined to fulfil

the want, and gives the composers a rare opportunity. Particularly good are the verses devoted to sport in the hunting-field and on the race-course; indeed, the latter are the best that we have come across, not merely for many a long day, but at all. Would not this, for example, go to a rattling feverish tune—it strikes us that "Jo Chauncy" is a splendid song:—

"Crack 'em up! Let 'em go! Well ridden! Bravo!"
Gamer ones never were bred;
"Jo Chauncy has done it! He's spurred! He's won it!"
The favourite's beat by a head!"

The great Dublin Horse Show, under the auspices of the Royal Dublin Society, opens at the Ball's Bridge grounds on August 23rd. Every year sees more and more improvements made, and there is now no show in the world which can equal it, either in the extent of its buildings or the excellence of the exhibits. This season there will be a class for Hackney stallions, as usual, but the prejudice which exists against Hackneys in Ireland has induced the executive of the Royal Dublin Society to relegate the other classes of this breed to the spring show. Irish breeders cannot get over the idea that the Hackney strain of blood will be the means of deteriorating the mares of the country, and prove fatal to the breeding of the splendid weight-carrying hunters which are seen to perfection in the Dublin Show.

The annual Puppy Show of the King's County Hunt took place at Moneyguynen, Kinnitty, on Thursday of last week, when there was a large gathering to view the really splendid lot of puppies. The occasion was taken advantage of to make a very handsome presentation to "the Master" and "the Mistress," for the latter is as great an enthusiast in the hunting-field as her husband. Mr. Biddulph was the first man in Ireland to start a puppy show.

Even to the ingenious Siamese, who can rival the world in making living creatures fight for their amusement, it never occurred to match a pelican and a swan in mortal combat. Nevertheless Nature, if there is such a thing in St. James's Park, has contrived to produce a conflict between these strange opponents on the well-known ornamental water. The lists were opened on the 4th of June, according to a correspondent of the *Spectator*, when one of the swans, who had been watching his chance for a long time, caught one of the pelicans alone. The bird of the wilderness was out of it from the very first, for the strong swan took him by the neck and held his head under water until he was drowned. This is pretty much what we should have expected. The swan is a fighting bird, powerful in the neck, and possessed of a formidable beak, which is devoted exclusively to its proper functions of biting and eating. The pelican carries a kind of Gladstone bag under its lower mandible. Unless the pelican had put the swan into its pouch at a gulp, it was obvious that the swan must win.

A travelled lecturer lately said that a certain African tribe had no religion beyond the worship of a god called Whack—at least, so the name sounded to one hearer. It might be no bad thing to introduce his cult in England, so that he might receive libations in the form of youthful tears. It would seem that there are children who might be better for a little punishment, but parents protest to magistrates that imps of six years old are utterly beyond control, and in scarcely any school is any sort of punishment, except such as stalwart parents of pupils see fit to inflict upon the tired teachers of their children. Youngsters begin by bestowing uncleanly salutations from Thames bridges upon the passengers in passing steamers; they proceed to throw stones and bottles from other bridges at the eyes of passing engine-drivers. The next stage is to form gangs, and kill, with sword or pistol, old women or young girls. This does not seem quite right, so perhaps it would be appropriate—as they offend on bridges—if the Chief Pontiff of the great god Whack would, in the strictly Roman sense, "turn his attention" to these playful creatures.

Undertakers would appear to be not only humorous, but the cause of humour in others; and in either case the possessor seems unconscious of his grace. Some years ago the Lord Mayor of London died during his year of office, and when the next Lord Mayor's Day came round, an undertaker, whose "place of business" (no one has "shops" now) lay in the Mayoral route, put over the door by way of decoration a huge legend, "Welcome," in white letters on a red ground. He who tells the tale had the privilege of living opposite. A few years passed away, and the undertaker, to the surprise of his neighbours, figured among the bankrupts. The present writer asked a man who lived near if he could account for the catastrophe. "Well, you see," was the reply, "his friends and patrons gradually died off," and the speaker did not seem to see that to an undertaker even this grievous loss may be a source of gain. So the bankruptcy remains a marvel and a mystery.

The Inter-University Athletic Sports, to be held at the Queen's Club on June 29th, ought to have some special points of interest. June, though even June has not been consistently balmy in this year of grace, is commonly a better season for sitting out and watching performances of this kind than the early spring, when east wind is the rule. It will be remembered that snow was not lacking on the date originally fixed on for this year's sports. But if the change is in favour of the spectators, we cannot help thinking that it ought to be in favour of the performers too. Joints and muscles should be a deal more limber now than a few months ago, even in the case of such young joints and muscles as live and labour at our Universities. It is a common-place to attribute the excellence of Australian fielding to the excellence—in point of dryness—of the Australian climate. Of course no inference can be drawn from the times and distances accomplished at a single inter-University meeting; but we hope, for all reasons, that the change will not be for this occasion only, and that we shall not always need a snowstorm to shift the date for us. We hope that the powers that be may see their way to allowing the change of time to be lasting.

Though we may perhaps be justified in looking forward to improved performance eventually, in consequence of the deferring of the date of the sports, it cannot be said that any great promise was given in the trials that the Cambridge representatives brought off against a team of Old Blues got together by Mr. W. Fitzherbert. They were held on the lines of the inter-University contest, with the result that the old stagers won the odd event. This does not seem quite right. If the Cambridge men were not in better training than the scratch pack—not wholly composed of Old Blues, by the way—all we can say is that they ought to have been. Nevertheless they were beaten, and the only things of conspicuous merit that were done were the work of the older hands. It is to be said that amongst them were some athletes of the first rank. There was Mr. Lutyens, who ran the mile in the fast time of 4min. 21sec., but he won it by forty yards; and there was Mr. Munro, who won the three miles by little less than a full minute in 14min. 39 3/5sec. Mr. Fitzherbert himself won "the quarter" in 51sec. On the whole, though they gave the opportunity for some good performances by others, those of the Cambridge undergraduates seem to have more encouragement for the Oxford men than for themselves.

There has not often been a season in which the accounts of birds and beasts from different parts of the country have shown such discrepancy. Here, all is going well, in the best of all possible springs; and there, all is as it ought not to be. In some parts of the country, keepers are lamenting over the loss of an immense proportion of young pheasants—lost, as it curiously seems, from a great variety of causes—but from other parts the news is that never has there been a better hatch out, and never have the young chicks seemed more healthy. We can hardly help thinking that the season has not been such an ill one for the pheasant rearer, and that poor success must be in some measure his own fault.

We are fairly sure, at all events, that in the case complained of by one of our correspondents, who has to lament a large average of his young poultry destroyed by "gapes," the fault is rather to be found in his poultry tender than in the weather, to which he ascribes it. He says that the poultry man speaks of "the damp" as the cause of the mortality; but we are rather inclined to suspect that it might more truly be called "the dirt." So far as our experience has served us this year, there has been no very general prevalence either of damp or of gapes, and we believe that gapes are induced by dirt—by lack of sufficient changing of the ground for the coops and sufficient cleansing of the old ground—rather than by the damp. The gapes are due to vermin, and vermin are due to dirt. This may seem a hard saying, and, of course, even with the greatest care it is impossible to guard absolutely against this and other diseases to which poultry is heir; but cleanliness will bring it down to a minimum.

And then again the partridges have been curiously capricious. There were a few broods that were unusually early hatched, whereas it seems that the generality are not coming out till the latter end of June. This again varies in different parts of England, but we believe the latter half of June will be the date of the biggest hatch out this year, taking all England over. The explanation seems to be that a few precocious birds began laying in a hurry, under the influence of the mild winter, but that this precocity was quickly discouraged, in most cases by the prolonged chilliness of the spring. So a few broods were brought up almost prematurely, while the majority had to wait over until the summer was come.

This is the time of year—when hay is ripe for cutting in due season, but the partridges rather late in their nesting—when it is particularly useful to be on good terms with the people

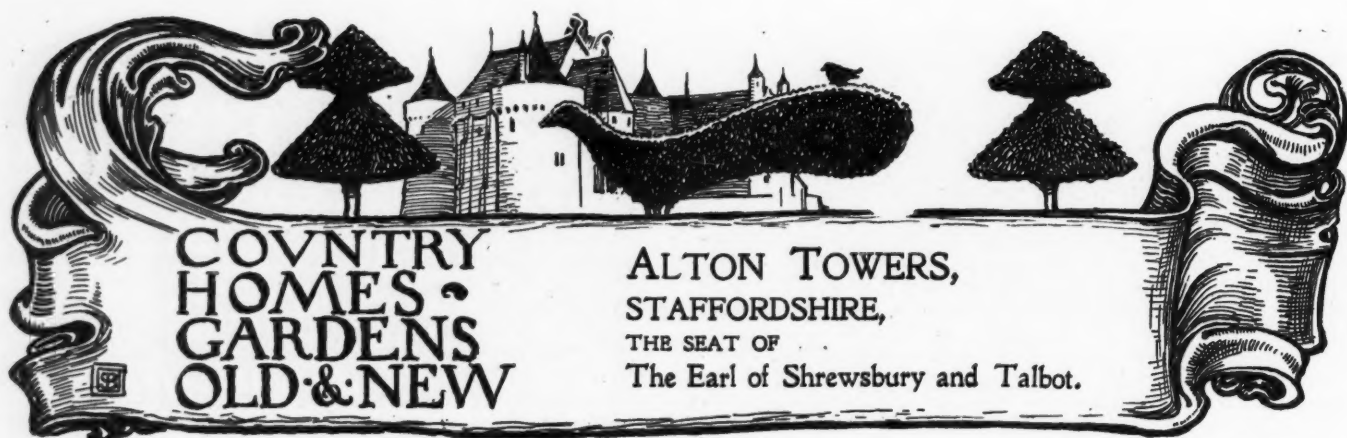
that work in your fields and cut your hay. The mowing machine that has superseded the old scythe is a sufficiently terrifying engine, and few mothers of the partridge kind are devoted enough to sit and be sliced up by it, as their heads were apt to be sliced off by the comparatively silent scythe. But the scythe, on the other hand, was more discriminating, more obedient to the immediate purposes of him that wielded it, than the horse mowing machine. Still, an immense deal may be done, an immense proportion of potential partridge life be saved, by care on the part of the machine mower. The man who quarrels with his fellows of lowlier estate in the country will seldom find himself a successful game preserver, so far, at least, as his partridges are concerned.

People are always complaining of the dearth of war news, but the truth is they do not always appreciate the value of what they get. It is doubtful whether the Spaniards know the full value of their capture of Mr. J. H. Whigham, the golf champion (amateur) of America. Mr. Whigham, who is of an old golfing family very well known both in Edinburgh and in Ayrshire (he had two brothers playing in the British amateur golf championship tournament at Hoylake), went down to Cuba as a war correspondent, and there, it is said, he has been taken prisoner. But there are so many canards in the war news that it should not be too readily believed that so good a golfer would let himself be deprived of his liberty. Perhaps, if he really be a prisoner, he will gain honour among his captors by teaching them golf, and showing them how he drives. But perhaps it would be more politic of him to conceal his quality; for otherwise he could not expect to be exchanged at less value than a Spanish Field-Marshal at the least.

People who are thinking of making tours, now that holiday time is at hand, in the border region of Cheshire and Shropshire, and there are not many prettier parts of England, may be interested to hear of a four-horse coach that is now running from the Queen's and Grosvenor Hotels in Chester to Shrewsbury. It leaves the first-named hotel at 11.15, and departs from the latter a quarter of an hour later, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, reaching Shrewsbury at 5.30, and returning on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The route taken passes Eaton, the Duke of Westminster's place, and so to Wrexham, where horses are changed. Thence through Erbstock, and over the Dee to Ellesmere. Then there is a pause for luncheon, and on again at 3.15 *via* Baschurch, where horses are changed for the third and last time, the last stage passing Berwick Hall, and so at length to Shrewsbury. It is a pleasant drive, and there is always an alternative route home by train to Liverpool, Chester, Birkenhead, or Birmingham. The coach is well horsed, and altogether the whole thing is "well done." The Raven and the Lion are the coaching hostellers in Shrewsbury.

Last week we gave some faint indication of the glories which will certainly be attained by the Press Bazaar to be held at the Hotel Cecil on Tuesday next, in aid of the London Hospital. Let us now add that the Princess of Wales, who will be accompanied by the Duchess of York, has graciously consented to open the Bazaar, and that the stall in which we are especially interested will not be the least attractive among many of which all will be tempting. With the help of the *Ladies' Field* and the *Strand Magazine*, COUNTRY LIFE will sell all kinds of things, inanimate and animate, from beautiful pieces of fancy leather to Persian kittens. Lady Newnes, who with Sir George Newnes has been the mainstay of the enterprise, will have the assistance of the Duchess of Newcastle, the Marchioness of Zetland, the Countess of Jersey, the Countess of Iddesleigh, Lady E. Spencer Churchill, Lady Pirbright, Lady G. Hamilton, Lady White, Mrs. Atherley Jones, and Mrs. Macdonald. As for the distinguished ladies who will give their help elsewhere, their name is legion. Also the success of the enterprise, it is as certain as—well, that Jeddah won the Derby, or that the Americo-Spanish War is a one-mule affair. The world must attend with full purse.

The grand historical estate and castle known as Norris Castle in the Isle of Wight, and lying between Royal Osborne and Cowes, was put up for sale by Messrs. Walton and Lee at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, on Tuesday. It was bought in at £40,000, which was an offer clearly inadequate to its value. That it will in due course find a purchaser at a suitable price is beyond the region of doubt. The fact of the matter is that it is a jewel in the way of landed property. For situation, for beauty of surroundings, for what may be called aristocratic neighbourhood on sea and shore, it cannot be surpassed. But an estate of that kind is not always likely to find a purchaser at an auction. It passes, as a rule, by private contract. We hope soon to have an opportunity of showing, by illustration and description, how great are the charms of an estate situated in the immediate vicinity of the Queen's summer home, beautiful in the extreme, equipped to perfection, and fringed by the Solent.



THE splendid gardens at Alton Towers preceded the existing mansion they so lavishly adorn, and have therefore appropriately been first described, though of them we have yet more to say, and we further illustrate them here. The fifteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, the same who "made the desert smile," and whose classic temple we depict, turned his attention to gardening as an enthusiast, and began his work in the year 1814. His successor, the "good Earl," was not neglectful of his green heritage, which he greatly improved, but his attention was devoted more particularly to the house, which, by successive alterations, he converted into an imposing pile, though one that was architecturally unsatisfactory and in no way convenient. Before his time the place had never been known as Alton Towers. Fortunately, in his later life, he made the acquaintance of Pugin, and the two worked hand in hand, the Earl having an inspiring worker, and the famous architect a munificent patron. Between them the mansion grew into what it is, and was stored with historic treasures and works of art; but, unfortunately for the place, both owner and architect died too soon. Their congenial work did not end with Alton Towers, for, as everyone interested in the later development of our English architecture knows, churches and other buildings sprang up under the liberal hand of the Earl and the loyal truthfulness to style and mediæval tradition of Pugin. When Bertram, Earl of Shrewsbury, died, the senior line of the Talbots failed, and, after some litigation, Alton Towers, with the Shrewsbury title, fell to

the late Earl Talbot of Ingestre. Our illustrations show admirably how carefully the beautiful surroundings of the famous place have been maintained. Their richness and luxuriance of character is perhaps nowhere surpassed.

And now a brief description of the mansion itself must suffice. If you approach the principal entrance on the east side—the more convenient way is generally by the south—you enter beneath a lofty embattled and machicolated gateway, frowning something like the great gate at Warwick, and passing between picturesque walls, you reach a majestic tower, with great talbots flanking the doorway. Within the tower the visitor will like to be reminded of the old blind Welsh harper, a retainer of the Talbots, who, well within memory, there discoursed the music of his native hills. Hence the visitor passes to the armoury, a long chamber of noble aspect, with open roof of oak, and fine armorial adornments. Once there hung here a magnificent collection of armour, some of which, in the many changes through which Alton has gone, has passed away. The picture gallery comes next, followed by the octagon room, resembling somewhat the noble chapter-house at Wells. From one side of the octagon you enter a splendid conservatory, filled with flowers of many kinds; but the octagon itself, with its monuments and artistic treasures, long detains the visitor. Among them is a model of the tomb of John, the famous Earl of Shrewsbury, the "English Achilles," who fought so strenuously in France. The octagon opens also into the magnificent Gothic



Copyright

THE EARL'S TEMPLE—"HE MADE THE DESERT SMILE."

"COUNTRY LIFE."



GARDEN'S OLD AND NEW.—ALTON TOWERS: A QUAIN TOWER.

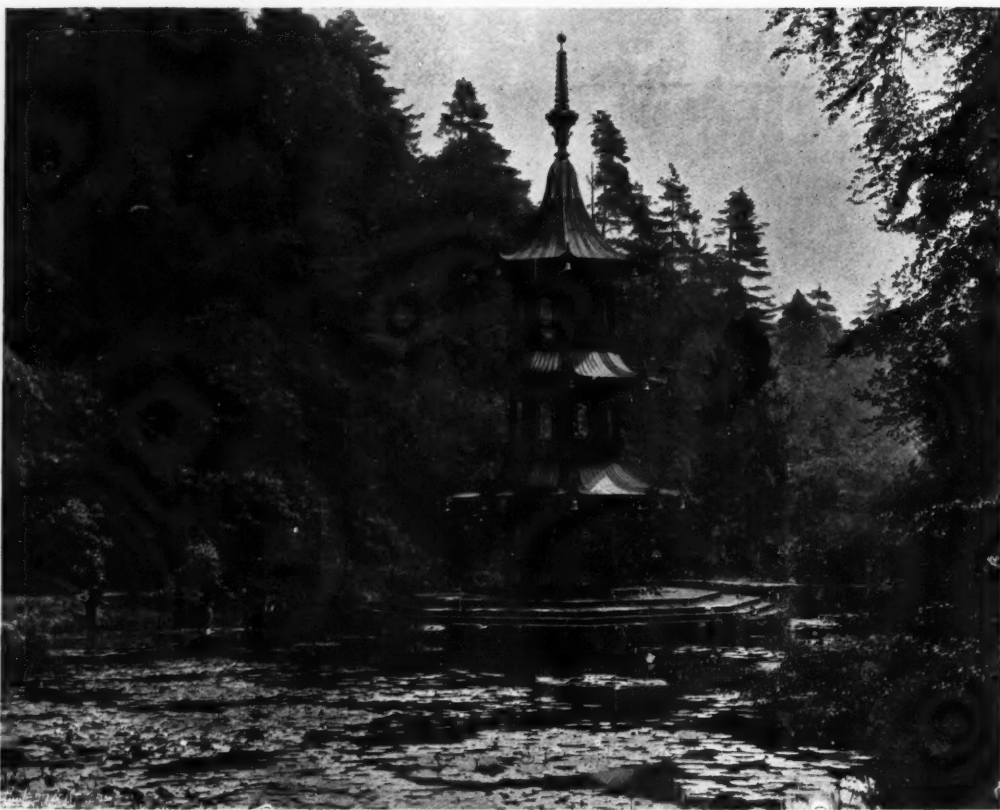
"COUNTRY LIFE."

Copyright

Talbot Gallery, where the enrichments, mostly of armorial character, are truly splendid. The doorways and chimney-pieces are exquisitely sculptured, and stained glass casts its glow of colour upon wainscot and floor. But to describe the oak corridor, the state boudoir and bedroom, or the dining-room, libraries, music-room, and drawing-room, or Pugin's grand dining-hall, is not the purpose here.

The imposing conservatories, 300ft. long, with a central domed house, are architectural also, but here the hand was not that of Pugin, but of Loudon. Their vast size and lofty character cause them to stand out boldly among their beautiful surroundings. The cost of the structure was £14,000, but, from the gardener's point of view, the outlay was not profitable. It is unfortunately true that architectural effect, when it is associated with great size, will mar the object for which conservatories are intended, namely, the culture of flowers. Few plants can be happy in buildings so large and draughty that the greatest skill can scarcely make them suitable for their inmates. On the occasion of a visit to Alton Towers the writer noticed cactuses as a great feature in the grand conservatory, while lapagerias, both red and white, clothed the roof with abundant blossoms.

Some of the architectural features of Alton Towers, which are external to the mansion itself, have already been referred to. The Gothic Temple, "Le Refuge"—that quiet nook, which we have illustrated, under the hill—the Harper's cottage, a picturesque building of Swiss aspect, on the opposite height, the Pagoda Fountain, rising strangely amid lovely foliage and reflected in still water where lilies sleep, the Modern Stonehenge, and other features of this great estate all add their points of interest or attractiveness to the domain. Then there is Ina's Rock, where the great King of Wessex is said to have held a



Copyright

THE PAGODA FOUNTAIN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

parley with Ceolred, the Mercian, after the battle. From these various features the visitor who is seeking out the garden and sylvan beauties of Alton Towers may return to the old quarry near the mansion, which in the happiest fashion has been made rich in conifers. Here, indeed, they succeed beyond expectation. The Deodar cedar, *Pinus Cembra*, *P. insignis*, *Abies Douglasi*, and *A. Menziesi* are amongst the most flourishing of the tribe in the quarry.

Before we leave Alton Towers, it is pleasant to linger a while in the private garden of sweet-smelling flowers, also near the house. Here a crowd of roses, honeysuckles, and other beautiful plants exhale their welcome perfume. Hence, too, a quiet walk leads to the private chapel or oratory of a late

Countess of Shrewsbury of the old line, and is entered by an iron gate, surmounted by a cross. Pleasant it is, too, having enjoyed the charms of the ornamental grounds, to glance at the indoor plants and at the fruit quarters, where many a fine English pear is as luxuriant as the rhododendrons in the woodland, or the gay denizens of the parterres. The illustrations depict better than words can describe the character and some of the beauties of this truly famous garden. Our country may well be proud of such places. Here the mossy trunk, the still pool, the green wall, the radiant parterre, and the silent glade are the outward tokens of the subtle glamour of such surroundings. Silent, did we say? Not so, indeed, for here is a pleasure-land beloved of birds.

"This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, doth approve,
By his bold mansionry, that the
heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here."

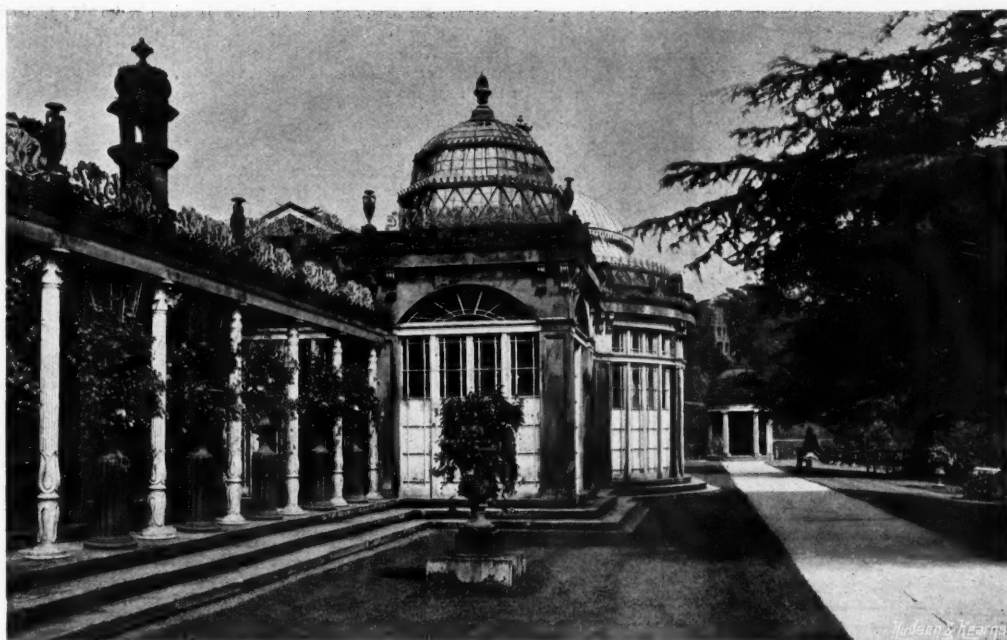
So may we well say, in a place filled with song, and whose every path and glade are fragrant with the breath of the country summer. Not that the gardens at Alton Towers are



Copyright

RABBIT HOUSE ROCK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE LONG RANGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

summer gardens only. The varied foliage makes them delightful at every season of the year, whether it be in the bursting of the bud, the leafy triumph of June, the mellow charms of autumn, or the chill days of winter, when lovely branch-tracery extends against the sky, and silver glitters on the dark greens of rhododendron, cedar, and yew. But now no more may be said, and the writer is content to remember an inscription on a pillar of one of the conservatory vestibules at Alton Towers: "The speech of flowers exceeds all flowers of speech."



THE latest issued among the volumes of the biographical editions of Thackeray's works contains the "Memoirs of Mr. Charles J. Yellowplush," the "History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hogarty Diamond," the "Diary of Jeames de la Pluche," "A Legend of the Rhine," "Character Sketches," "The Fatal Boots," "The Bedford Row Conspiracy," and "Going to See a Man Hanged." All are old friends; all belong, to use Mrs. Ritchie's words, "to this early burst of fun and spring time." Thackeray was but twenty-one in 1832. He was already weary of the drudgery of work in the chambers of a special pleader, and having come of age in July he was in Paris before the end of August. There, partly by the aid of Major Carmichael Smith, he was soon hard at work as a journalist. Now and again, when in London, he would write gay letters illustrated by caricatures, but full of a longing for France. Then in 1836, on the strength of his appointment as Paris correspondent to the *Constitutionnel*, he was married, and about 1838 Major Gahagan, Yellowplush, and his successor de la Pluche, were created.

It was the happiest period in a life marked not less by sadness than by success. Yet all the while he seems to have been oppressed by fear that Nemesis, that terror which underlies all the Greek tragedies, was in store for him. Knowing what sorrows did come to him in later life, it is impossible to read, unmoved, these passages from a letter to his mother in 1838: "Here have we been two years married and not a single unhappy day. Oh, I do

bless God for all this happiness which he has given me. It is so great that I almost tremble for the future, except that I humbly hope (for what man is certain about his own weakness and wickedness) our love is strong enough to withstand all pressure from without, and as it is a gift greater than any fortune, is likewise one superior to poverty or sickness, or any other worldly evil with which Providence may visit us. . . . I think happiness is as good as prayers, and I feel in my heart a kind of overflowing thanksgiving which is quite too great to describe in writing." Never do I remember to have read the happiness of a good man described in words more simple, vivid, or sincere—and they called him a cynic; nay, there are those who still so miscall him. To the others, to those who have eyes to see and a heart to feel, these introductions from the pen of Mrs. Ritchie are a priceless treasure.

Another valuable new edition that lies before me is the Badminton volume of Golf, edited by Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson. This, with its contributions by Lord Wellwood, Sir Walter Simpson, Mr. A. J. Balfour, Mr. Andrew Lang, and Mr. H. S. C. Everard, can hardly be called a new book. But the sixth edition, well brought up to date in the matter of

rules, will no doubt succeed as well as those which have gone before, for of its merits there can be no question, and the noble army of golfers grows apace. Moreover, it is not only learned and scientific, but amusing; it is good literature as well as good golf. The whole book, especially Mr. Hutchinson's chapter on etiquette, is so full of dry humour, that Mr. Balfour's essay on the "Humours of Golf" seems, so far as title goes, to be almost superfluous. But it has some finely epigrammatic phrases in it. "Even games are not to be regarded as wholly serious" is good; so is the man who wrote that he had hired a bunker for his own exclusive use. Some of his stories, for example, the one about "This damned Scotch Croquet," are old in bottle, but the whole article is a wonderful illustration of what a statesman can effect in his leisure hours, and the brightest of Scottish journalists might be proud of the concluding interview in the vernacular with old Tom Morris.

Mr. Quiller Couch has certainly a strong menu for his *Cornish Magazine*, the first number of which is to come out on July 1st. A sonnet by Mr. A. C. Benson, the Eton master and late Archbishop's son, who paid so elegant a tribute to Mr. Gladstone on the Fourth of June; a story by Mr. Charles Lee; an article, "The Duchy's Harvest," by Mr. Aflalo, who knows his subject off by heart, and writes like an artist—these in themselves are enough, and more than enough; but there is abundance of promise of good reading and illustrations besides.

Mr. W. P. James, who contributes his literary notes to the gazette called after the saint of his name from far and commercial Cardiff, is a man of sane mind and delicate taste. He joins with Cardinal Vaughan in his protest against the celebration of the quingentenary of Chaucer. The good Cardinal wrote thus—his sentence, indeed, looks as if he had telegraphed: "Tired to death with anniversaries. My expression of opinion is—spare us." Exactly. These commemorative celebrations are becoming an unmitigated nuisance. If



F. Mason Good.

NOTHING BUT WEEDS.

Copyright

they were spontaneous outbursts of admiration, all would be well and good. I, for example, can have no reasonable objection to any person who chooses to commemorate the centenary to the *nth* of any hero of his or her own choosing. But I object to their bothering me about the matter. I celebrate the greatness of Chaucer, or of Burns, when I am in the mood, by reading their books, without caring a straw when they were born or when they died. They wish to celebrate in the form of drinking fountains, or libraries, or statues. They may if they like. But there is no sort of justification for the demand that I, or any other person, should subscribe. Such demands, as I had occasion to observe a week or two ago in reference to the National Memorial to Burns, are made with a pertinacity worthy of the importunate widow; and, more than that, the professors of importunity revile those who refuse to subscribe. That strikes me as a piece of delicious impertinence.

I shall look forward with some interest to the appearance in *Scribner's Magazine* of the first two articles on the Spanish-American War by Mr. R. Harding Davis. I have no reason to believe that Mr. Davis is a military

expert; but he can write, and that, seeing how little there is to write about, is the main thing. It is said, by the way, that he has had a terrible quarrel with Mr. Poulteney Bigelow on the ground of an article that the latter contributed to the *Times*. Well, the article only said that to feed the American troops with beans and heating foods in Florida was unwise. Surely even a fanatical patriot might say that.

Books to order from the library:—

- "The Making of a Saint." W. S. Maughan. (Unwin.)
- "Silence, and Other Stories." Mary E. Wilkins. (Harper.)
- "Memoirs of Alexander Gardner, Colonel of Artillery, in the Service of Maharaja Ranjit Singh." Major Hugh Pearse. (Blackwood.)
- "Collections and Recollections." By "One who has Kept a Diary." (Smith, Elder.)
- "The Ambition of Judith." Olive Birrell. (Smith, Elder.)
- "Madelon Lemoine." Mrs. Leigh Adams. (Jarrold.)

LOOKER-ON.



"A Greek Slave."

ONE might app'y the word "stupendous" to the new play at Daly's Theatre without much exaggeration; for, with the exception of one very trifling blot—a piece of sky entirely out of keeping with all the other sky—which careful stage management has by this time probably rectified, as a spectacle "A Greek Slave" is as beautiful as anything with which Mr. George Edwardes has provided us hitherto, which means that it is as beautiful as anyone has provided us with hitherto. It marks a very decided advance; it is an attempt to elevate "musical comedy" to the status of romantic opera, with just a trifle more frivolity in the way of accessories—such as dances and songs which have not quite the same appropriateness to the action—than are expected in serious romantic opera; it is something between *opera bouffe* and real *opera comique*, with a difference which is hardly definable. In the course of a few weeks the successor to "The Geisha" will in all probability be drawn nearer to the former and further from the latter; for if there is one thing expected from Mr. Edwardes by his *clientèle*, it is lightness and brightness at all costs—at the cost of coherency, appropriateness, even at the cost of art. So, in a very little while, the comedians will be "given their heads," and "A Greek Slave" will lose in artistic value what it is certain to gain in vivacity, fun, and humour. The "up-to-date" allusion and the rest of it will in all likelihood be introduced, and, though the picture will suffer, the laughter will grow, and laughter is the very first thing at Daly's Theatre.

But, so beautiful is the staging of the new piece, so ambitious and elevated is the music, that it is hardly possible that "A Greek Slave" will ever be utterly spoiled; so dainty are many of the lyrics and so fine is much of the singing and some of the acting, that it must remain the most worthy and impressive thing Mr. Edwardes has as yet achieved. In the writing of words for music, Mr. Harry Greenbank and Mr. Adrian Ross prove themselves successors to Mr. Gilbert; in the writing of music to words, Mr. Sidney Jones progresses at such a rate that one is justified in hoping that some fine day he will give us an English grand opera which will do the nation credit. The score of "A Greek Slave" contains but little as catchily tuneful as we heard in "The Geisha," but there is a continuous flow of richer melody, a depth of harmonies far beyond anything he has written before. His Invocation to the god of Love, for the full chorus, is a really fine example of part writing and swelling sound—majestic and graceful, both; melodious and scholarly combined. Mr. Jones's setting of Mr. Hamilton's song to Freedom, sung by Mr. Hayden Coffin, and the "Forgiveness" duet for Mr. Coffin and Miss Marie Tempest, are other beautiful numbers in his more serious mood; dainty humour and appealing tune are heard in his setting of the delightful songs for Miss Letty Lind, "I'd Rather Like to Try," and "A Frog He Lived in a Pond"; while in the more conventional love ballad, "The Girl of My Heart," for Mr. Coffin, Mr. Jones writes with more restraint than is his wont, with excellent effect; and in the refrain of Miss Tempest's song, "Divination," he "lets himself go," and the result is charming. But, indeed, as has been said, the whole score is far in advance of aught we have heard in connection with

anything under the rank of "comic opera," and gives unalloyed pleasure throughout.

Mr. Owen Hall, the author of plot and dialogue, has devised a first act of strong dramatic interest and fine opportunities for development; but, as usual, he wastes it all in the second act, leaves the dramatic foundation he has laid so skilfully, and plumps us in the midst of the usual incoherent and barren second half of "musical comedy," of which this style of entertainment seems unable to rid itself. Had not the composer, the lyricist, and the artists come so loyally to Mr. Hall's rescue here, "A Greek Slave" would have fallen very flat indeed, after an opening of exceeding promise. Songs and dances—very charming songs and dances—take the place of dramatic movement, and the consequence is that the story loses the greater part of its interest. This is a great pity, for the first act should have given Mr. Hall plenty to work on. Heliodorus, a charlatan of ancient Rome, is threatened with death by Marcus, the Prefect, unless he can devise some scheme by which the haughty Princess Antonia will consent to be his wife. Antonia is coming to Heliodorus to learn her future, and it is arranged that she shall be told that the reason why she cannot love is because one of the gods, none other than Eros, the god of Love himself, has become enamoured of her, and has determined to make her his bride. One of the slaves of Heliodorus, a sculptor, has just finished a statue of Eros, of which another slave, Diomed, has been the model. The scheme is that Eros—in the person of Diomed—shall come to life, that Antonia shall be violently enamoured of him and publicly proclaim her marriage to one of the gods, that Diomed shall then declare his identity, and that the great Antonia shall become the laughing-stock of Rome by her infatuation for a despised Greek slave; then—such is the idea—the great Marcus shall go to her, offer her his name as a protection from ridicule, and, catching her heart on the rebound, win her for himself. But Maia, the daughter of Heliodorus, loves Diomed, and is loved in return, and on her despairing figure, alone on the stage, for she has learned that Diomed and not the statue has gone to the palace of the beautiful Princess, the curtain falls upon the first act. It is a very fine and dramatic situation. But this interesting and ingenious opening is wasted in the second act; the whole effect is flattered away, and we are agreeably entertained by songs and dances of very great merit which have nothing to do with the case.

Miss Marie Tempest has never been seen to such advantage; she is without peer on the lighter lyric stage, and as Maia she sang and acted with a spirit, a passion, and a power which were little short of a revelation. Another actress and singer of great charm and attraction is Miss Hilda Moody, the Princess; Miss Letty Lind has some very dainty soli and dances, and retains all her grace and curious little fascinations. Mr. Hayden Coffin is hardly seen to as much advantage as usual; his histrionic methods are not suited to classical dress, but he sings as well and with as much feeling as ever. Mr. Huntley Wright, as Heliodorus, gave us specimens of his unforced and agile humour, and Mr. Rutland Barrington did the little he has to do in the artistic manner we expect of him.

More magnificent stage pictures than the interior of Heliodorus' house, painted by Mr. Harker, and the exterior of

Antonia's villa at Baiae, by Mr. Ryan, could not be imagined; the costumes designed by Mr. Percy Anderson are as beautiful as they are gorgeous. A fine chorus, a splendid orchestra—everything that luxury and taste can do for "A Greek Slave" has been done.

B. L.



A BUSY week of the very Highest Drama, as many of our good friends would call it, because it is mostly foreign. Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in a translation of the Belgian Maeterlinck's "Pelléas et Mélisande," Mme. Bernhardt in "Lysane," Mr. Frohman's American company in "A Stranger in New York." Thus draws to an end a foreign season of which we have never seen the like before. American plays and players have occupied the Adelphi, the Garrick, and the Shaftesbury; an American play has been produced at the St. James's; American actors and actresses have played leading parts at the Lyceum, the Globe, the Savoy, the Court, and the Royalty. An adaptation from the French has occupied the Prince of Wales's, and M. Coquelin is coming to the Lyceum. This is taking into account only the immediate season; if we count from the beginning of the year, cosmopolitanism has had a much wider swing. London opens its arms wide to the foreigner if the foreigner has anything good to bring him, and therein London is right. But let the nations cease their sneers at English insularity. Her Majesty's, the Court, the Lyceum, the Savoy, the Vaudeville, the Haymarket, the Gaiety, Daly's, the Comedy, the Globe, the Criterion, and the Lyric, have wholly, or in the main, been quite English, you know; but, taking everything into account, this has been a year of foreign invasion without parallel.

It may be interesting to make out a programme of the entertainments which will seek to amuse London next season, in the autumn. "Ragged Robin" will have been withdrawn from Her Majesty's, and nothing has as yet been finally decided upon to take its place while Mr. Tree is on tour; Miss Olga Nethersole and Miss Eleanor Calhoun are both anxious to obtain a tenancy of the theatre, the first lady for Messrs. Louis Parker and Murray Carson's play, "The Termagant," the second for the stage version of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's novel, "A Lady of Quality." The Lyceum, after a short season of M. Coquelin, will be empty, and nothing has been settled there except that we are to have a pantomime at Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will be in occupation of the St. James's; Mr. Wyndham will return to the Criterion with the new costume play by Messrs. Parker and Carson; the Haymarket company will come back refreshed from their holiday to repeat "The Little Minister"; musical comedy will probably replace "Lord and Lady Algy" at the Comedy, where arrangements were entered into a long time ago for the production of an English version, by Mr. Arthur Sturges, of the French musical farce, "L'Hotel du Tohu Bohu," and "Lord and Lady Algy" may have to be removed to another West End house; Mr. Hare may revive Robertsonian comedy at the Globe; a new extravaganza, "The Gay Princess," will form the programme at the Vaudeville; Messrs. Anthony Hope and Edward Rose's play, "A Man in Love," will be seen at the Court; Drury Lane will have its new drama. At Daly's, the Gaiety, the Shaftesbury, and probably the Prince of Wales's, no change is likely to be made, though at the latter house it may be that "La Poupée" will be succeeded by the new theatrical opera written by M. Ordonneau and Mr. Arthur Sturges, and composed by M. Clarière.

UNDER THE ROSTRUM.

THE BEENHAM HOUSE YEARLINGS.—Bloodstock sales must of necessity be always interesting to followers of racing and lovers of the English thorough-bred, and we were last week treated to a glance at Mr. Waring's good-looking and well-bred lot of yearlings as they came under the hammer at Ascot on Wednesday and Friday mornings; whilst on the Saturday a very interesting sale of bloodstock took place at the Cobham Stud. The Beenham House youngsters have already been so fully described in these columns that it is not necessary to say much more about them here except that on the first day they did not fetch anything like their values, and some people must have secured some wonderful bargains. I am not at all sure that Sir William Ingram did not get the two best, in the clean, bloodlike chestnut filly by Florentine out of Sub Rosa, very like her sire, and the chestnut colt (brother to Armorer) by Florentine—Ursula, a really nice youngster of the compact, powerful, well-balanced type, and full of quality. The highest price made was 500 guineas for the brother to Carlin, a thick, strong, deep-bodied, powerful chestnut colt by Chittabob—Lauretta; whilst the chestnut filly by Buccaneer—Crooked Answer, the bay colt by Carnage out of Devil a Bit, and the Elf Song colt by Buccaneer, were simply given away at 30 guineas, 100 guineas, and 190 guineas respectively. Prices were better on the second day, when the brother to Florio Rubattino, a deep, level-made, powerful youngster, with his sire's bone, by Florentine out of Wealth, made 710 guineas, and Sir Blundell Maple gave 660 guineas for a big, slashing chestnut colt by Buccaneer—Diablosse. The long, low, game-looking bay filly by Buccaneer—Palmetto was very cheap to Sir John Thursby at 130 guineas, and so was the neat, compact brother to Harrogate, by Florentine—Irene, to Mr. W. M. Clarke for 530 guineas. I also liked the quick, sharp chestnut colt by Florentine—Florence St. John, which fell to Mr. W. G. Stevens' bid of 260 guineas, whilst Florentine's bay colt out of Flora McIvor has lots of size and length, and cannot have been dear to Mr. Wallace Johnstone at 340 guineas. Altogether these were a very well-bred, well-grown, big-boned lot of yearlings, and although they certainly did not make their full values, Mr. Waring seemed fairly satisfied with the result of his sale, as indeed he always does, and no doubt the future careers of some of those sold last week will cause the Beenham House yearlings of future years to boom exceedingly.



A FOX-TERRIER WITH A GLASS EYE.

THE COBHAM SALE.—It was an unlucky incident for the success of this sale that an important race-meeting with valuable stakes has this year sprung into existence at Alexandra Park, on the old Cobham Sale day, the Saturday in Ascot week. The result was a bad sale for the enterprising Cobham Stud Company; but as a bad sale for sellers means a good one for buyers, some people must have been satisfied, which is the most one can ever hope for in this world of conflicting interests. Mr. Purefoy was a good buyer, and he must have secured some real bargains, notably the very racing-like brown colt by Arklow out of Creosote, whom he got for 200 guineas. He would make a great deal more than that if his buyer chose to send him up again at Doncaster. The same gentleman also bought Mr. Trench's other two yearlings for a good deal less than their value, the filly especially. A really good yearling is the bay colt by Kendal out of the Lecturer mare, Teacher, and therefore own brother in blood to Laodamia, who fell to Mr. T. S. Jay's bid of 710 guineas. I have seen many worse make nearly 2,000 guineas. A really good Carnage colt, of whom I wrote such a glowing account in my notes on Mr. Brice's stud not long ago, failed to reach his reserve, and was therefore not sold. I do not know if he is still for sale, though I conclude that he is, and if so, I advise all yearling buyers to have a look at him. The horses in training were not much to look at, and they probably made their full value, but some of the mares went very cheaply, especially a Plebeian mare, who must have been worth a great deal more than the 55 guineas which she fetched. Altogether it was a very pleasant afternoon, especially to buyers, and as this is the only sale of this sort which I know of, the day is sure to come when it will be looked upon as an exceptional opportunity for everyone who wants either to buy or sell bloodstock.



DESPITE its many drawbacks, its bad "going," its ill-arranged and congested stands and enclosures, from the greater part of which it is impossible to see anything of the racing, and its generally out-of-date management, Ascot is still Ascot, where we never fail to see the highest class racing, and the best horses of the year. The meeting on this occasion opened



GOLD VASE: NEWHAVEN II., WINSOME, THE RUSH.

In cold and cheerless, but fortunately dry, weather, and anything but rain is preferable to a really hot day at this always crowded function. The principal event of the first day was, of course, the Gold Vase, for which the Australian-bred Newhaven II., the very useful Rush, Winsome Charteris, and Liscarton alone went to the post. The first of these came to this country with a big reputation from his own, where he was, without doubt, the best horse they have had for at least twenty years. He has been a terrible failure, however, here, and has confirmed me in the opinion I have always held of these horses, that although sounder, stouter, and in many respects better than our own, they have nothing like the same speed. Newhaven's performance in the City and Suburban hardly bore out that idea, it is true, but he was ridden in such a peculiar way in that race that it was impossible to form any reliable opinion about it; whilst in the Epsom Cup he ran very slow at the finish, and Bay Ronald, at even weights, simply lost him for speed. At Ascot last week he held a nice place all the way, and was still pulling hard as they came round the turn for home, but no sooner did they begin to race in earnest than he was done with. Meanwhile, The Rush had been gradually closing up, and running on with great determination, beautifully handled by Madden, he got the best of the three year old Winsome Charteris, to whom he was giving 29lb., and won a fine race by half a length.



Copyright

ACROSS ASCOT HEATH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

There are many people who have always looked upon this year's Derby as a false run race, and so it may have been, though from the style in which he won it, I have never thought there was any fluke about Jeddah's victory. This was amply proved in the Prince of Wales' Stakes. A friend of mine, who ought to know as much as anyone about the Duke of Westminster's horses, told me in the paddock before this race that Batt had so improved since Epsom that they hoped the 6lb. better terms on which he was meeting his Derby day conqueror would suffice to turn the tables. Considering how the wiry little black had come on since the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby, this seemed probable enough; and yet so decisive and easily gained was Jeddah's victory on the Epsom Downs, that I could not myself see how 6lb. was to make the difference. The race was run at a good pace, Batt always showing prominently, but no sooner were they fairly round the turn for home than Jeddah pulled his way to the front without an effort, and striding away at his leisure from his game little rival, beat him at least as easily as he had done at Epsom.

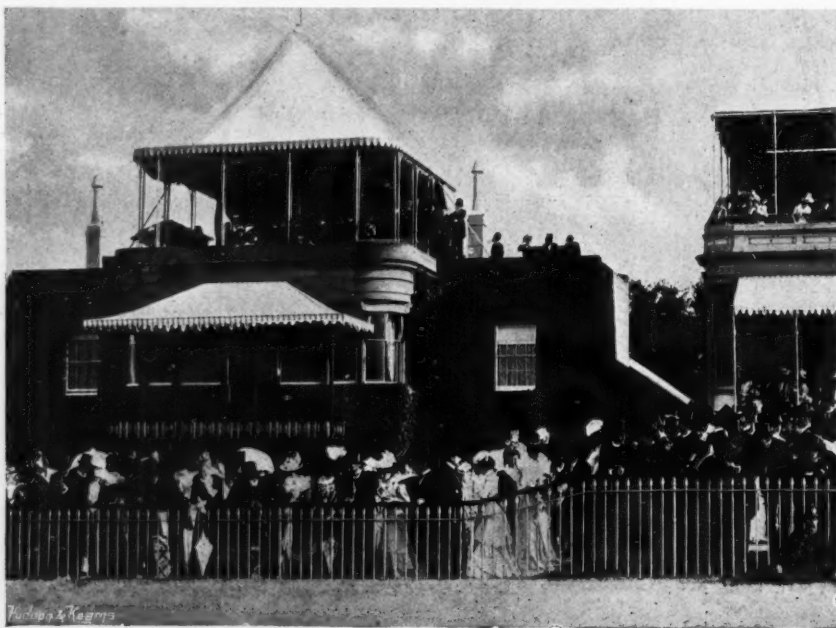
The Coventry Stakes has already become quite an important two year old event, and opinions were on this occasion divided between the neat, blood-like little St. Simon colt, Desmond, and the very speedy Gatwick winner, Blackwing. I had seen them both at exercise in the morning, and formed an opinion in favour of Lord Dunraven's colt, who is one of the best movers I have ever seen; but Captain Machell and his followers were so confident about their flying colt that he started a tremendously hot favourite. He never really looked like winning, although he ran well, and finished third; but Desmond, on the contrary, had won his race a long way from home, and striding away from his field, won pretty well as he liked from Melfi, with the favourite a good third. This decisive victory on the part of Desmond enhanced the form of Amurath, who beat him by a length and a-half at Lincoln, until that colt got beaten on his last day of the meeting.

The Ascot Stakes, one of the most popular long-distance handicaps of the season, usually produces a good field and an interesting race, and in both these particulars was this year's contest up to the average. History, Piety, Comfrey, Butter, Barford, and Nouveau Riche all had friends, whilst there was a tremendous rush on Herminius at the last, after his trial horse, Liscarton, had made a creditable show in the Gold Vase. Nor was the confidence of his connections misplaced, as, after a very fast run race, in which everything but Mr. Hammond's lightly-weighted four year old and the plodding old Piety failed to stay, the former went too fast for the latter at the finish, and won easily by a couple of lengths. This was the good thing of the meeting for those who were in the know. The last race of the day was a complete surprise, as, when the only four runners—Laughing Girl, Goletta, Lysander, and Cortegar—cantered to the post, it was generally considered that the first-named would be outclassed, and that Mr. de Rothschild's mare would not stay so well as Cortegar, who was accordingly made a hot favourite at 6 to 4. It never does to be certain about this sex, and, so far from Cortegar staying, it was just what she failed to do, whilst Goletta ran on and made a dead heat of it with Laughing Girl. Surely such a soft mare as she has always seemed to be will not come again so soon, we argued, when it was decided to run it off, and the betting showed that most other people thought so too. But what really happened? The supposed non-stayer, with a severe two-mile race in her, waited on her opponent till coming into the straight, where her speed told, and she beat the staying North Country mare as she liked. Class always tells, of course, but still it was a curious thing to see a mare like Goletta run out two severe two-mile races in one and the same afternoon.

The Hunt Cup on the second day was as prolific of tips as usual, and the market was consequently a very open one. Knight of the Thistle was a good deal fancied by his connections, who said he never was so well. Foston, who had been very highly tried, was always a good favourite, and a great many people fancied Brayhead. John Porter thought Hermiston would win, whilst



JEDDAH AFTER PRINCE OF WALES' STAKES.



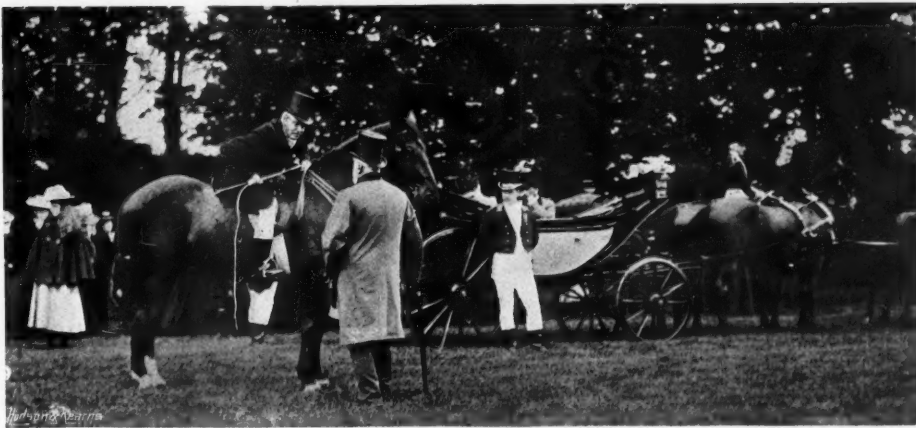
Copyright.

THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the beautiful little Dinna Forget had friends, and so had Crestfallen. At the last moment a good deal of money went on that marvellously improved animal, Jaquemart. A long way from home the race was left to four, namely, Jaquemart, Foston, Dinna Forget, and Knight of the Thistle, the last of whom was carrying his weight gallantly. There was a moment when he looked like holding his own, but the weight told in the last two hundred yards, and Jaquemart, drawing away rapidly, beat Foston by a length and a half, whilst Dinna Forget finished a head only behind the second, and the same distance in front of Knight of the Thistle. It was a grand finish, in which the first four were almost in a line a hundred yards from home, and I am not at all sure that the top-weight was not second best. The Coronation Stakes was a real good thing for Lowood, and with a pull of 14lb. in the weights, he beat Nun Nicer and Airs and Graces easily, Sir Blundell Maple's mare, who looked much better than she had done at Epsom, signally turning the tables on her Oaks conqueror. These are three really nice fillies. In the Fern Hill Stakes we were treated to a horrible exhibition of cowardice on the part of the speedy Orzil, who had his race safely won halfway up the hill, and then refused to gallop another yard. I have always maintained that this once promising colt would surely turn "thief" unless he were operated on, and I am sorry that my words have come so true. He is a good-looking colt enough, a really beautiful mover, and one of the speediest horses in training, but he will never win another race. After he had cut it, the battle was fought out between last year's New Stakes winner, Florio Rubattino, and the handsome little Gay Lothair, of which pair the former first got up and won by a neck. This is a better colt than most people think.

Ascot certainties have an unpleasant fashion of not always coming off, but



Copyright

THE EARL OF COVENTRY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

happily those of this year's Cup Day did not bring backers to grief as they so often do. Sandia, for the Thirty-Fifth New Biennial, Eager in the Rous Memorial, and Cap Martin for the St. James's Palace Stakes, were all as good things as anyone could want to bet about, and although the prices were anything but remunerative ones, they all came off. Flying Fox, too, came with a great reputation from Kingsclere, and although his trial horse, Ameer, had not run any too well in the Rous Memorial Stakes, he started a hot favourite for the New Stakes. I wrote in praise of this beautifully-bred colt after seeing him as a yearling at the Eaton Stud last August, but I was rather disappointed with him at Ascot, as he is certainly lacking in length, and has not grown as much as I expected that he would have done since I saw him last. At the same time, he

is a charming youngster, full of quality, and he stole down to the post with that long, low, easy action which generally wins races. It struck me that he ran a bit green—at any rate, he was going none too well halfway up the hill, but the way in which he straightened himself opposite the stand, and the resolute manner in which he stuck to his work, and fairly ran Musa out of the race from the distance, reminded me much of the style in which his ill-fated but gallant and stout-hearted sire used to win his races. I doubt if he ran up to his trial on this his first appearance in public, but he ran a game, good colt, and he will, I think, grow into a very good horse.

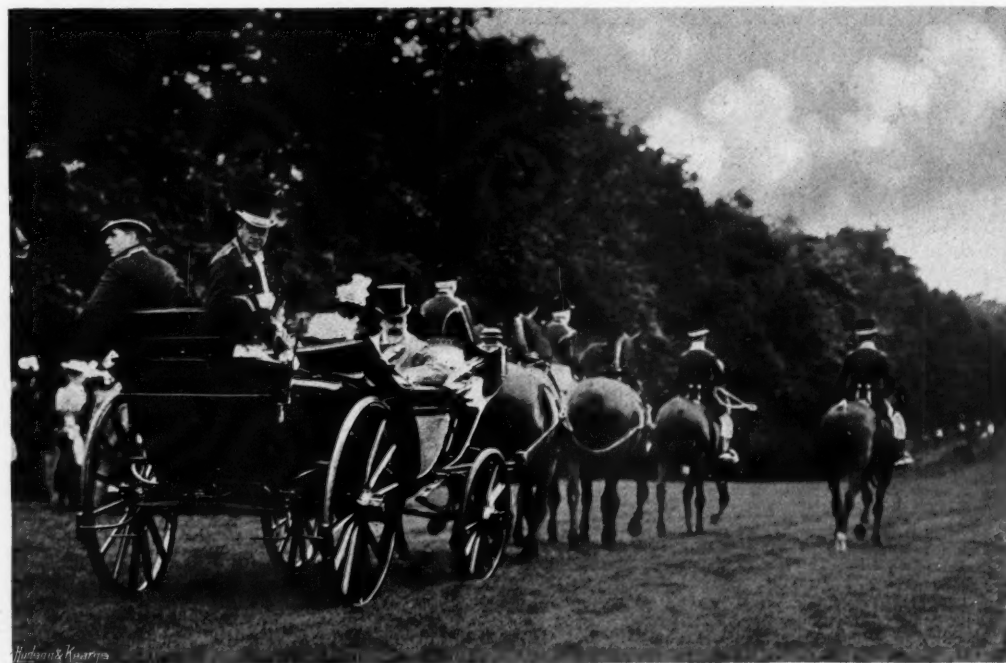
A pet aversion of mine has always been the soft-bred, long-legged, non-staying peacock Dieudonne, and although I dare say he may make a smasher over six furlongs, I have always ridiculed his pretensions to rank as a first-class colt. In the St. James's Palace Stakes he once more proved that this opinion was not far wrong, as although he ran fast for six furlongs, he was done with the moment Cap Martin closed with him. Neither could Ninus live with the long-striding son of Martagon, who drew away as he liked, and won in a common canter, much in the same style as that in which Jeddah beat Batt on the Tuesday. It will be an interesting meeting between these two at Doncaster, and although it is the fashion to run down the three year olds of 1898, I think myself that these two magnificent youngsters, and Cyllene, are quite sufficient to redeem the reputation of their age. It cannot truthfully be said that there was much class about the field for this year's Gold Cup, for which Elf II. came from France with a great reputation, and was well backed by the majority of his countrymen. A slightly under-sized and flat-sided horse, one forgot his rather mean appearance in the paddock as soon as one saw his beautiful action on his way to the post, and he is undoubtedly the best stayer in France. The race was run at a tremendous pace, M. Blanc's pair, Montegut and Longbow, making it as hot as possible for Masque II. No sooner had they dropped back beaten than The Rush went to the front, and looked like coming in alone until halfway up the stands, where Elf II. drew up, and quickly getting the best of it, won comfortably by a little over a length. Mr. Dobell's horse ran a real good honest race, and



Copyright

THE PROCESSION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE ROYAL PROCESSION MOVING OFF.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

came again in the last hundred yards in most determined fashion; but it was no good—he had run a severe race only two days before; he was, too, I thought, sent to the front much too far from home, and so the French horse carried too many guns for him at the finish.

A rare gambling affair is the six-furlong Wokingham Stakes on the last day, the key to which is not unseldom supplied by the Hunt Cup. It was very nearly so on this occasion, as Foston, who would very nearly have won the last-named race on the second day at six furlongs, and was consequently well backed for Friday's scurry over that distance, was a good second, beaten only by Minstrel, who got off with such a start that nothing ever quite caught him. It was hard lines to run second for two important handicaps in one week with such a genuine and well-trying candidate. In the first race Kilcock showed that he can still win races over his own course, although he cannot, and never really could, get a mile in decent company; and the lengthy, reaching, loose-made Collar made a hack of Bay Ronald in the Hardwicke Stakes. He looked to be beaten at the number-board, but he came again in gallant fashion, and won very easily at the finish. The Alexandra Plate showed conclusively that Newhaven II. is a bad horse. In all his previous defeats the excuse has been made for him that he was not allowed to run his own race in front. On Friday last he got exactly what he is said to like—namely, to make his own running at his own pace. He could never, however, go fast enough to get out of the way of Piety, and when that horse headed him at the last turn the race was all over as far as he was concerned, and Mr. Inglis's genuine but unlucky stayer, shaking off a resolute challenge on the part of Carlton Grange, at last scored a gallant and well-deserved victory. The Waler passed the post the most tired horse I have ever seen. Amurath, who beat Desmond for the Brocklesby Stakes, ran badly in



Copyright

THE FINISH OF THE ROYAL HUNT CUP.

"C.L."

the Windsor Castle Stakes, and is evidently no flier, whilst Fairy Gold also complicated the two year old form by running nowhere in a Triennial on Wednesday, for which the well-trying Trident was made a hot favourite, but could only finish third to Santa Casa and Fascination. Altogether it was a great week's racing, the results of which were much more favourable to backers than they usually are at this meeting, whilst the principal lessons that we learned were that The Rush is one of the best stayers in training, that Jeddah and Cap Martin are two good three year olds, one of whom will probably win the St. Leger, that Desmond and Flying Fox are very likely the best two year olds we have seen sent out yet,

that Dieudonne and Ninus are non-stayers, Brayhead and Bridegroom overrated animals, and Newhaven a rank impostor; whilst Foston and Kilcock will win plenty of races over six furlongs, and Collar, Jacquemart, Pheon, and Winsome Charteris must all be followed when they are running in their own respective classes.

I suppose it is too much to hope that the course will be relaid and the stands rebuilt before we meet again on the Royal Heath; but surely it is not too much to ask that we may have properly made up cards such as we get everywhere else, that the absurd exuberance of tickets and passes may be abolished in favour of a more up-to-date system, that that awful and stifling tunnel may be enlarged and ventilated, that all passages may be widened, the tents and booths on the far side of the course moved somewhere else, and the arrangements generally modernised and put on a more common-sense basis. The wonder to me is that people ever go to Ascot twice. If it were not the fashion to do so, they certainly would not.

OUTPOST.

A TEST TROUT.

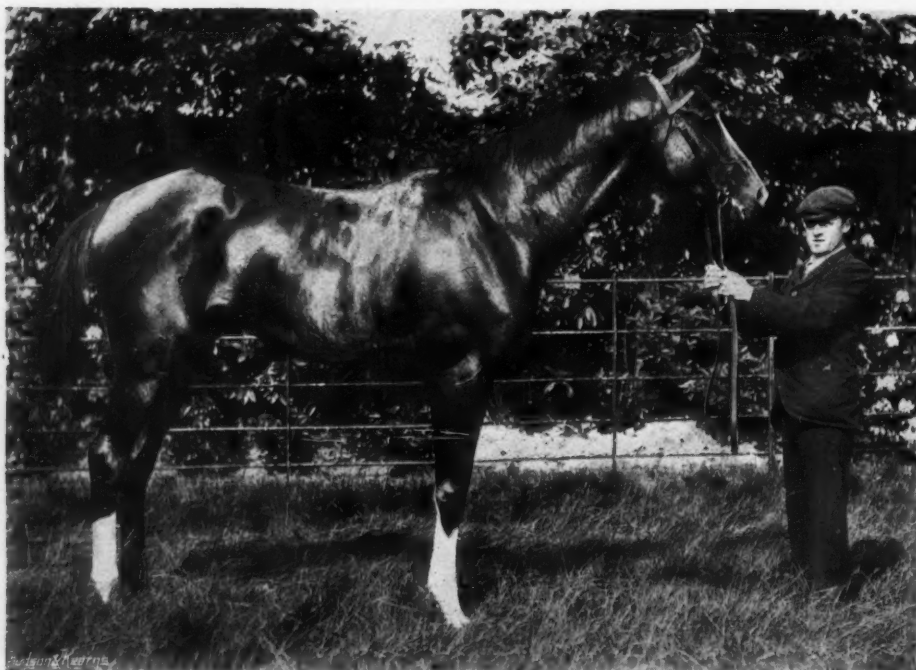
THE time of the May-fly on the Hampshire Test is here once more, and that time, after all, when every objection to it has been urged, is the cream of the trout-fishing season in the South of England. Last year, though the queen of all the chalk streams was blinkful and brimming over even as late as mid-June, the May-fly season was described as a disappointing one; this year, with the water far lower—for the recent wet weather has scarcely affected the Test—in early June than it was in 1897 in August, the prospects of the present turning out a very good May-fly season are not very rosy. Yet every Test angler worthy the name has been looking forward to this first week in June, when the fly is "up" in this fine stream, and few and far between indeed are the vacant rods from Overton to Romsey. After the heavy rain of a fortnight since the Test is beginning to look its loveliest. Those who are at all acquainted with the country through which the upper and middle portions of the Test flows, can have little difficulty in understanding the fascination which angling in this stream exercises even over those whose skill in handling the rod is but a poor match for the extreme wariness and education of a 2lb. Hampshire trout. The country about Whitchurch, Chilbolton, and Wherwell is always charming by the river-side, and sometimes lovely. Wherwell Priory itself looks, and is, "a haunt of ancient peace," with its fine stream, its nobly-timbered parklands, its quiet old churchyard and rectory, where everything seems made of matchless Hampshire oak; whilst about such angling resorts as Chilbolton and Whitchurch there breathes now, in the time of the May, a choice fragrance. These places are on what may be called the upper Test, and trout here, though in various stretches of the stream numerous—at Overton and Whitchurch they are very plentiful—do not run to a large size. A 2lb. fish is a good one—short, strong, and, when cooked, as pink as a salmon. One



Copyright

PARADE FOR THE GOLD CUP.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

ELF II.—WINNER OF THE GOLD CUP.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of this size, which the writer took at Easter, was declared by the cook to be the finest fish she had ever fried. It had all the flavour, without the over-richness, of a salmon. "A trout," wrote Jesse, who was a keen angler as well as a field naturalist of the type of Gilbert White, "caught in this river (Test), and crimped and dressed half-an-hour after it has been killed, is not only delicious, but far surpasses in flavour and firmness a fish which has been killed earlier in the day." But—Colonel Hawker notwithstanding—Test trout were sometimes very difficult to catch even in the old naturalist's time. It is more than sixty years since he angled for them further down stream than the spots here referred to, and was compelled in the bright sunshine to abandon

his cast of artificial flies and take to a blow-line and the natural May-fly. In much later times, indeed, a most objectionable device for taking Test trout in May-fly time was resorted to. Two anglers (save the mark!) would walk up or down the water on opposite sides of the stream with a line stretched between them, and from this line a number of hooks baited with May-flies dangling and bobbing up and down on the surface played havoc among the feeding fish. Happily, the use of the natural fly, whether by blow-line or any other method, is now obsolete on the Hampshire chalk streams. May it also be obsolete before long on all other English streams where truly sportsman like methods are understood and practised!

G. A. B. D.

Extracts from the Log of a 14-Tonner.

WHERE is the yachtsman to be found who has not experienced the many troubles and worries that almost invariably have to be encountered during fitting-out operations? In fact, those two simple words, "fitting out," recall to most minds times of hard work, letter-writing, and interviewing. It is not necessary to go into the details of the days spent before our good ship was hauled off the mud; it therefore will suffice here to say that Tuesday, May 24th, found us anchored off the little village of Hamble, which is situated on the river at the south-eastern end of Southampton Water.

On the evening of the day above mentioned we had everything ready for a start, and early on the following morning we weighed anchor, and, assisted by the lightest of northerly breezes, sailed slowly down the Hamble River. We had not long to wait for an adventure, although it proved to be one of a somewhat mild type, for we cut the corner opposite Warsash Coastguard Station rather too fine, with the result that our heel touched the mud and we remained. It mattered little, however, for the tide was rising, and this opportunity was seized, at the suggestion of the skipper, to go below and breakfast. Coming down the river it was noticeable that many fine yachts and a host of smaller craft were brought up in this secluded anchorage. Amongst the former was the *Lady Ruth*, which last year took part in the race for the German Emperor's Heligoland Cup; and it is rumoured that this month she is again likely to cross the German Ocean, this time in competition for the North Sea Cup, illustrated a few weeks ago. But to resume the narrative. A big ketch presently hove in sight bound out of the river, and the skipper, realising our predicament, with the quickness and kindly consideration born of a seafaring life, called out to us to let him have the end of our warp so that he might tow us off. This we did, with the result that we were soon going again. When off Calshot Castle the wind dropped very light, and presently shifted to the south-west. We drifted by Hill Head and Lee-on-the-Solent, catching a pleasing view of COWES ROADS in the middle distance. When we rounded

Gilkicker Point the wind died away completely, and the tide coming out of Portsmouth Harbour retarded our progress still more. The sweeps were brought out in a vain endeavour to get into Portsmouth Harbour, but after being beaten several times we were at length compelled to bring up off Southsea Beach. No more uncomfortable place could be

found for a night's berth, for it is necessary to anchor quite close to the fairway which leads into the harbour, with the result that one gets a tremendous rolling, for big steamers of all descriptions are continually going in or coming out, and most of them cause a heavy swell. Southsea Beach may be all very well for a big weighty yacht, but it is no place for small craft, which, in the event of a strong south-easterly wind arising, would soon be compelled to seek shelter elsewhere. On the night of our arrival, as before mentioned, the breeze had completely died away, so about twelve o'clock, after the steamers had done running, things were not so bad. During the night the wind shifted, and early on the following morning a nice breeze was blowing from the north-east. WE GOT UNDER WAY soon after midday, and a fine view of THE SOLENT soon spread itself out before us; but again the wind fell light, and when we reached a point a little below Fawley Beacon we found ourselves going astern instead of ahead; so there was nothing for it but to drop anchor and wait for the turning of the tide. After a more than tedious delay we were pleased to observe some cat's-paw on the water, and were soon proceeding in the direction of Hythe, but the pace was terribly



West and Son,

WE GOT UNDER WAY.

Southsea.

slow. What wearisome work this drifting is, especially if one is in a hurry. It is hard to say which is the worse, either sailing like this when but a few miles from one's destination, or hunting on a bad-scenting day when hounds cannot run a yard; perhaps the latter carries off the palm, for such days are often very stormy, while in the former case the day is usually calm and pleasant, and one can sit upon deck, smoking and enjoying the scenery; while meals taken under such circumstances are eaten much more comfortably than when it is blowing hard and the table is swinging up and down, so that one

minute it is at the level of one's mouth, while the next it is somewhere in the region of one's feet. Soon after our appetites had been satisfied darkness came on, and side lights were placed in position. The dingey was now sent ahead, and in this way we were slowly towed up to Hythe Pier, where we dropped anchor. The next day (Friday) proved to be an excellent one for sailing, for there was a nice breeze from the south-east, which gave us a tack down Southampton Water. Before we had proceeded very far we came upon a yawl which was going in the same direction as ourselves. The owner, who was at the helm, must have been a man of remarkably pugnacious disposition, for several times he tried to give us a lee bower, but without success. This put our skipper on his mettle, and we soon left our self-imposed antagonist far astern. We anchored off Warsash, famed for its crabs and lobsters, where teas in which those savoury shell-fish form no small part can be obtained, judging by the various advertisements with which the lower part of the village is placarded. The wind kept steady all day, and as we again stood over towards Calshott we observed the massive old castle standing boldly up on the end of the great spit of shingle running from the adjacent shore. We had a clean run up to Southampton, and on reaching that place had an opportunity of trying our new kedge-chain and its attendant gear, and were pleased to note it answered admirably. Last season we used warp and kedge which had to be taken out in a boat ;



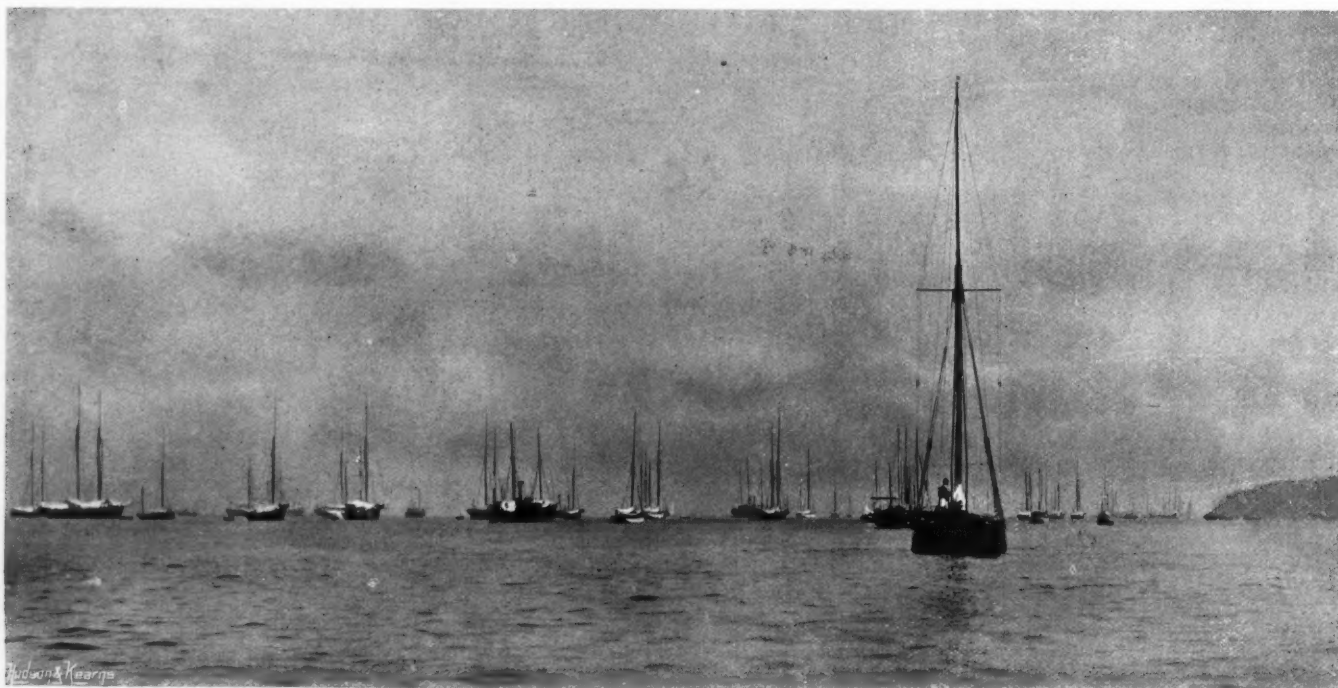
West and Son,

THE SOLENT.

Southsea.

but we found this a great nuisance, and moreover it knocked the dingey about considerably, and smothered all employed in the work with mud and water. With the new arrangement both anchors can be dropped from the deck, which is by far the most convenient plan. We spent Saturday in a general clean up in preparation for a start for Weymouth and the Westward.

SEAMEW.



West and Son,

COWES ROADS.

Southsea

The Rothschild Museum at Tring.

NATURALISTS are now in general agreement as to the form which a museum of zoology should take. It should consist of two parts, with entirely different objects. One, the public portion, represents the known facts. The other, the scientific storehouse, contains material for enquiry into the unknown. The former may be seen most beautifully set out in the central hall and galleries of the South Kensington Museum, the object being not to instruct the scientific naturalist, but to set out in the most clear and striking way what the scientific naturalist has discovered. The second and larger part of a zoological museum is that in which are accumulated the specimens for the scientific naturalist to use in making

further study. It is the storehouse or mine in which the naturalists work, each in his particular "lode." The Tring collection is a *private* museum, and, as such, there was not the slightest necessity for its owner to develop the public side at all. Birds, butterflies, and moths are the objects to which the scientific side of the Rothschild Museum is mainly devoted; and a "side study" very thoroughly carried out is the collection of antelopes and tortoises. But the museum has the striking feature of exhibiting a very large collection to general visitors. This is not only a very public-spirited course on the part of the owner, but one carried out with great judgment, by the exhibition of specimens often of great rarity, nearly all most

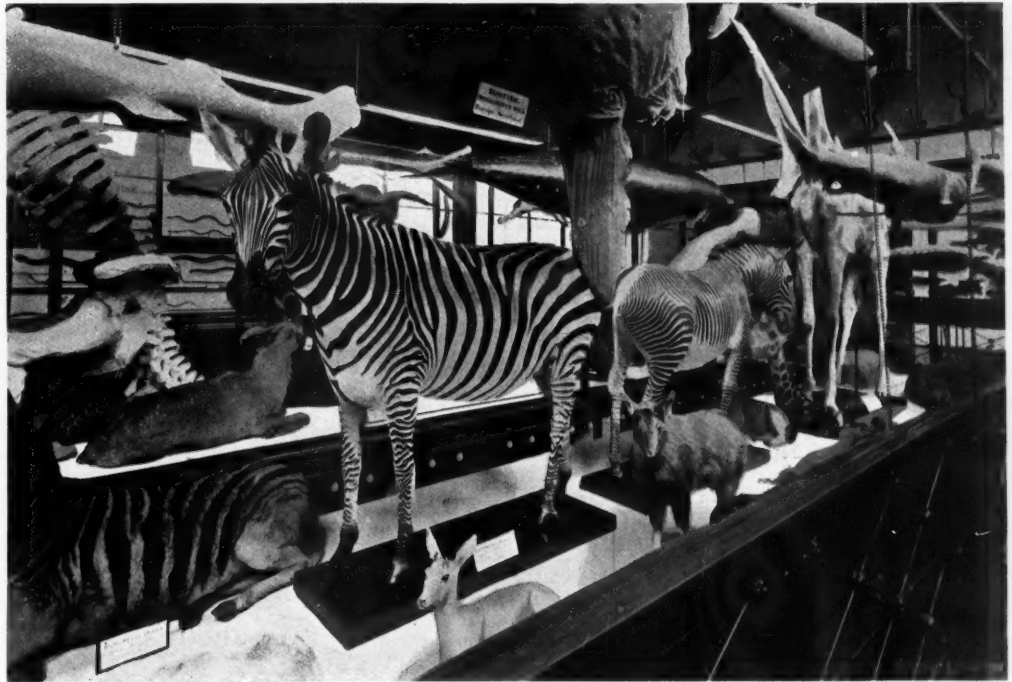
beautifully mounted and stuffed, and of especial interest to the field naturalist and the sportsman.

The art of taxidermy is applied in a way not equalled in any public or private museum in this country. Sir William Flower, the Director of the Zoological Museum at South Kensington, has always maintained that for this department of a museum taxidermy, or what is generally called "stuffing animals," should be looked on as a fine art, and that all the creatures shown in the cases should be made as life-like as possible. What has only been begun in the ordinary galleries at South Kensington is completed at Tring. Every bird and animal wears its fur and feathers as nearly as possible as it did in life: its skin, claws, beak, eyes, or lips are of the natural colour, and not a wrinkle is put in or smoothed away. In some instances the services of well-known animal painters have been employed to attain the right colouring of beaks and wattles; artistic modern taxidermists have "set up" the birds and beasts; and the result is a more beautiful series of images of birds and of life-like presentations of beasts than can be adequately described, with the aid even of pen and camera.

Except in the department of birds, antelopes, and English fishes, the "exhibition" side is not intended to be more than representative of different classes. But the specimens chosen are all worth looking at, and in many cases are almost or quite unique, either for rarity, size, or perfect preservation.

As examples the visitor may take the following. Over each door of the central hall, for entrance and exit, is an enormous elephant's head. One is that of an Indian tusker, so large as to suggest new ideas even as to the size of elephants. But this is quite put out of court by the head of an African elephant over the opposite entrance. The tusks are 9ft. long, and the base of the trunk like a small oak tree.

Here, then, is part of the museum's contribution to the idea of the "limits of animal size." Probably not one person in a million has ever seen alive so huge an animal; and very few have ever even beheld an equally imposing inanimate presentation of such gigantic life. This elephant was shot by Colonel Walker, who was afterwards killed by a lion in Somaliland. Passing from



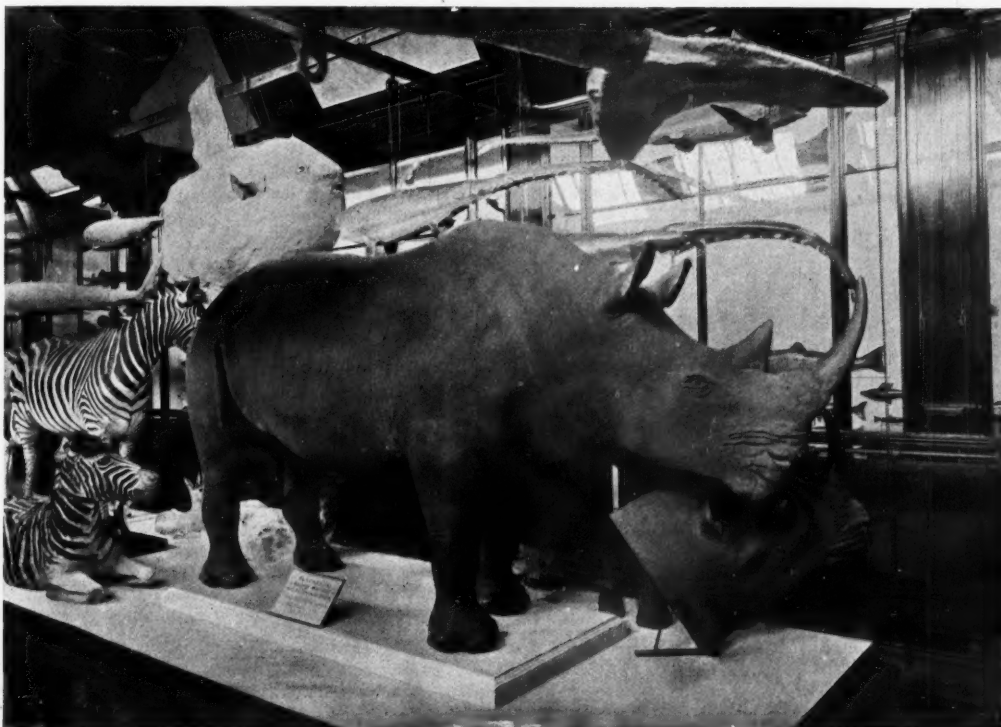
J. T. Newman.

SOME SPECIMEN ZEBRAS.

Copyright

gigantic size to eccentric form, there is among the antelopes a creature so surprising that it would certainly rank as a naturalist's dream if seen only in a picture. This is a gazelle which is *becoming a giraffe*. Its neck is elongated almost into the relative proportions of that of the giraffe. The legs are also like stilts, but the shoulders have not yet developed the strange slope of those of the giraffe. He is still a level-backed animal. This creature is "Waller's gazelle." Another notable specimen of the central hall is the white rhinoceros, one of two shot by Mr. Coryndon in North-East Mashonaland. These were among the very last survivors of the white rhinoceros, and the only perfect specimens in England. One is at South Kensington, the other being the Tring specimen. It is very well mounted, and shows the broad square nose, smooth skin, and long horn characteristic of this almost extinct monster. Five or six were shot later in an almost inaccessible swamp in Zululand; and it is very doubtful if one remains in Africa. An example of a species which has been absolutely destroyed in the memory of man is the quagga, of which there is a capital specimen among what is an absolutely unrivalled collection of zebras and other wild asses. As even the best mounted and best preserved skin cannot be kept in good condition for any great time, one looks with a mixture of

feeling on this, one of the very few concrete evidences of the existence of this fine "wild horse," for he is much more like a horse than is the zebra. The Tring quagga is one of two which remained in a continental museum. The skin is in good condition both as to colour and coat. This creature, which man has presumed to remove from the face of God's earth, was rather larger than Burchell's zebra. Its colour was brown and yellowish-grey—not black and white like the zebras—with very loosely defined stripes and wavy marks. Its legs were as free from striping as any dun horse's, though the mountain zebra's legs are striped down to the hoof as finely as a black and white agate. Gazing at this last relic of a race of beautiful animals, killed off by "skin hunters," and at the mountain zebra, now so rare, I heard my companion, a naturalist and a traveller in many lands, saying half to himself, "Man, and especially half educated man, when left face to face with the beasts, is the most cruel, the most selfish,



J. T. Newman.

THE WHITE RHINOCEROS

Copyright

the most greedy, the most wasteful, the most reckless of what is to come, the most deadly enemy of animal life and happiness of all living beings."

Besides the mountain zebra and the common Burchell's zebra, the collection contains other species of a height and bulk which would bring them under an altogether different class as beasts of draught. One of these is from Northern Mashonaland, which looks big enough to draw a van; the other is "Grevy's zebra," from Somaliland. The size and girth of this specimen owe nothing to the "stuffer's" improvements. There is one in Paris quite as large. If the Chartered Company or their agents wish to breed zebra-mules, as new beasts of burden proof against the tsetse fly, this is clearly the race of zebra which should be selected for the experiment. Those who are curious as to the origin of the horse will find here ample material in a small space to compare the various varieties of colour, coat, ears, tail, hoof, and form which by "blends" may possibly have developed the horse from the zebras and wild asses. Among other points it is worth noticing that a Burchell's zebra kept in London, which died in the winter, and now, stuffed, in the Tring collection, has assumed a rough winter coat. The fine, short, close coat for which the zebra is noted in its native condition, a coat as smooth as that of a thorough-bred in training, is replaced by an almost woolly growth on the flanks. It is not nearly as thick as the winter coat of a Kiang, the Central Asian wild ass, stuffed close by, but is clear evidence of the way in which minor physical changes occur in these breeds to suit their environment.

A big Alaskan bear is among the rarities shown. This monster has a wider forehead, and a more pointed nose, than "Old Ephraim." Probably any hunter or trapper would call him a grizzly, and his skin would anywhere be accepted as a grizzly's skin. But he clearly is not of that species, while he differs from the ordinary brown bear or the black bear. The American naturalists call him "Ursus Dalli,"



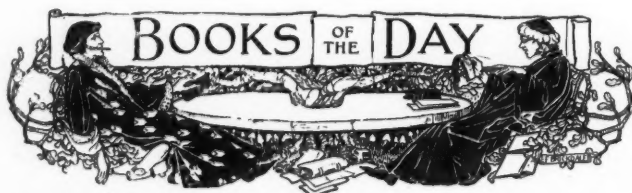
J. T. Newman.

THE HON. WALTER ROTHSCHILD.

Copyright

but how he comes to be on the border line between two species, whether he is only a kind of colourable imitation produced by proximity to grizzly bears, and what is his exact place, it is difficult to say.

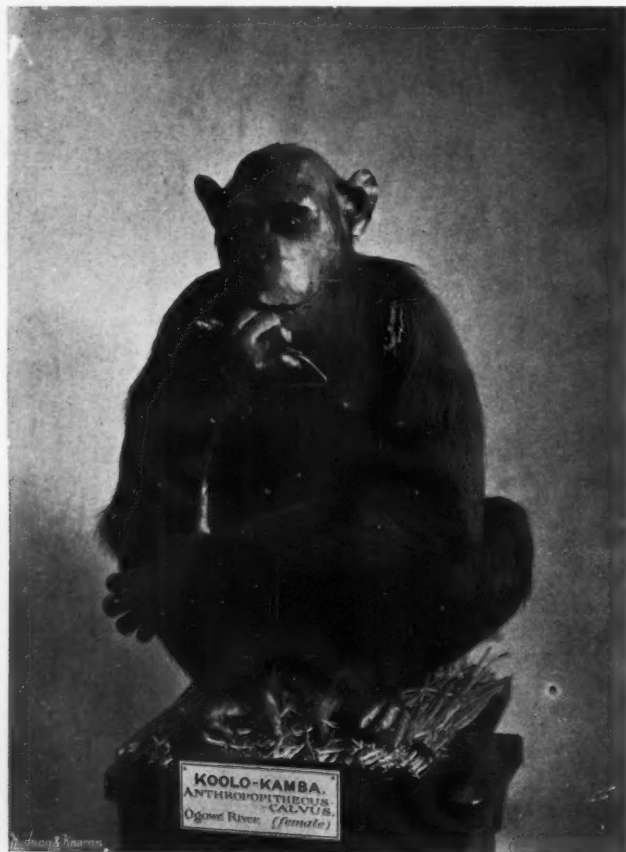
(To be continued.)



WHEN last I wrote there was almost a famine in the book world, and voracious readers were clamouring for something new. Now a rich feast has been spread before them. Since the publication of the Greville Memoirs the lovers of good gossip about famous men and women have not enjoyed such a treat as "Collections and Recollections by One who has kept a Diary," published by Messrs. Smith, Elder. Who the author may be I know not, but the *Daily News*, which on a matter of this kind is quite likely to be well informed, suggests that Mr. George Russell might be able to throw some light upon the question. After all, what does it matter so long as the stories are good? And there is no question about it that they are of the first order of merit. In these charming pages you meet all sorts and conditions of men—Cardinal Manning, the Master of Balliol, the present Prince of Wales as a child, Lord Beaconsfield, "Soapy Sam," Lord John, Sydney Smith, Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Gladstone, the accomplished Lord Houghton; in a word, everybody. The book is absolutely full of good stories, and some of them have a distinct historical value as tending to show the improvement in the tone and manners of polite society which has taken place in the course of the century. Here, for example, is a story of Georgian Princes:—"At Mrs. Vaneck's assembly last week, the Prince of Wales, very much to the honor of his polite and elegant Behaviour, measured the breadth of Mrs. V. behind with his Handkerchief, and shew'd the measurement to most of the Company. Another Trait of the P. of Wales' Respectful Conduct is that at an assembly he beckoned to the poor old Dutchess of Bedford across a large Room, and, when she had taken the trouble of crossing the Room, he very abruptly told her he had nothing to say to her. The P. of W. called on Miss Vaneck last week with two of his Equerries. On coming into the Room he exclaimed, 'I must do it; I must do it.' Miss V. asked him what it was that he was obliged to do, when he winked at St. Leger and the other accomplice, who lay'd Miss V. on the Floor, and the P. positively wiped her. This extraordinary behaviour was occasioned by a Bett wch. I suppose he had made in one of his mad Fits. The next day, however, he wrote her a penitential Letter, and she now receives him on the same footing as ever."

We have improved upon that; but on Jowett's and "Soapy Sam's" departures we shall never improve. I thought I knew them all, but this one is new to me:—"The scene was the Master's own dining-room, and the moment that the ladies had left the room one of the guests began a most outrageous conversation. Everyone sat flabbergasted. The Master winced with annoyance, and then, bending down the table towards the offender, said in his shrillest tone, 'Shall we continue this conversation in the drawing-room?' and rose from his chair. It was really a stroke of genius thus both to terminate and to rebuke the impropriety without violating the decorum due from host to guest." On the whole a most charming and delightful book.

From the same judicious and famous establishment comes a sensation in the shape of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Helbeck of Bannisdale." A book from her pen is always much discussed, and "Helbeck" is no exception to the rule. It has all the characteristics and all the faults one has learned to expect in Mrs. Ward's work. That is to say, it is grimly and terribly serious—the work of a woman of high ideals and intense earnestness of purpose. But it lacks humour, which is the salt of life. That is the characteristic failing of Mrs. Humphry Ward. Whether she can see a joke in private life I do not know, but certainly in her books she never makes one. She is too awfully in earnest. She is never in lightsome mood. Life is to her one long series of gloomy problems, and



J. T. Newman. "SALLY"—FROM THE ZOO.

Copyright

there is no merry-making in it, no relief. But "Helbeck," besides giving one plenty of matter for serious reflection, besides being a wonderful study of the conflict between religion and love, has, in a greater measure than any other of Mrs. Ward's books, the power of gripping the reader's attention by the story. It is a tragedy, but it is a readable tragedy; and the two characters which she has been at the pains to elaborate are intensely interesting. Alan Helbeck is a Catholic of the Catholics—a man in whom religion is the first end and spring of life. His step-niece, Laura Fountain, is beautiful, winsome, of many moods, sceptical out of loyalty to the memory of her dead father. Of the love that grows between these two, of the swayings of their minds, of the tragic death of Laura, the story is told with rare strength and gloomy force. The book is not to be read lightly, not a mere plaything, but a subject of serious study. It compels rather than allures the attention of the reader; but it is the most powerful work yet produced by an exceedingly clever and earnest woman.

Sound books of travel, whether the travel be old or new, are always interesting, and Mr. C. Raymond Beazley's "John and Sebastian Cabot" (Fisher Unwin) is not by any means an exception to the rule. This, if memory serves me correctly, is the first opportunity I have had of noticing any of the volumes of the "Builders of Greater Britain" series which has the great advantage of being edited by Mr. H. F. Wilson, of the Colonial Office. It is a valuable series and well equipped, and I particularly like the tone of the Miltonic aspiration which opens the volume. "Thou, who of thy free grace didst build up this Brittanick empire to a glorious and enviable height, with all her islands about her, stay us in this felicitie." And certainly John and Sebastian Cabot, father and son, deserve to be reckoned among the builders of the Empire, Italians though they were. John did not indeed discover America, but by his voyages of 1497 and 1498 he gave England her title there; Sebastian, especially by dint of his famous voyage of 1553, "opened the Russian trade by means of the White Sea, gave our merchants their first glimpse of Persia and Central Asia, and was at least one starting point of the Elizabethan revival of trade, discovery, and colonial extension." Mr. Beazley has, at great pains, had to

sift much accumulated learning, and the consequence is a very readable dual biography. There is also some quaint matter in it. For example, the instructions given by Sebastian for the North-East voyage of 1553 are distinctly amusing. I like, "Item, that no blaspheming of God or detestable swearing be used in any ship, nor communication of ribaldry, filthy tales or ungodly talk to be suffered in the company of any ship, neither dicing, carding, tabling, nor other devilish games to be frequented, whereby ensueth not only poverty to the players but also strife, variance, brawling, fighting, and oftentimes murder."

In "Jabez Nutyard" (Jarrold), Mrs. Edmonds, who is best known as the author of "Amygdala," has produced a readable novel, with actuality in it. I am not going to tell the various love-stories which run through it, or to say more of them than that they are pleasant. It is, however, worth while to say that Mrs. Edmonds succeeds better than any writer with whom I am acquainted in introducing a stroke into fiction. There is a queer piece of natural history near the beginning. A piece of paper which rooks detach from their nest turns out to be a missing letter from an absent lover, and makes a good deal of difference to the story. Now Jabez, who was so much impressed with this that he went on to the end saying, "It was all along of the rooks," was an observer of natural history. But I am disposed to guess that if he had been accurate he would have noticed a suspicious greyness about the heads of these rooks. No doubt the jackdaws, with their nests on the under side of the rooks' nests, were the thieves of Clare's letter.

"The Solent Chart Book" is an absolutely indispensable book to those happy men and women who have time and money for yachting on the South Coast. It is the handiest and most complete and practical book of its kind that has come under my notice. The author is Mr. Darcy Butterworth Kitchen, and the publishers are four in number, Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein, J. D. Potter, Griffin, of Portsea Hard, and S. W. Wolff, of Southampton. For purposes of convenience the term "Solent" is made to include the whole stretch of coast between Selsea and Portland Bills.

THE PÆONIES.

WHEN spring meets summer a noble group of hardy plants is in flower—we mean the pæonies, of which there are a hundred beautiful varieties, some as delicate as a tea rose in colour, others sumptuous in hue, big heavy blossoms, welcome for their effect in early summer days.

Few hardy plants have become so fashionable, if one may use such a word about an effective garden flower, as the pæony, thanks to such raisers as Messrs. Kelway and Son, Barr and Sons, and others who have created new characters in the family and increased the variety of colours.

There are two great pæony groups, the tree or moutan and the more commonly seen herbaceous kinds, which have emanated from *P. officinalis*, the European species. This, with others from the same continent, has been crossed with the Chinese representatives of the family, such as *P. albi-flora*, hence the beautiful hybrids that now enrich our gardens.

Few hardy perennials have grown more rapidly in popularity than the pæonies. We give prominence to them in COUNTRY LIFE, because many readers are doubtless about to commence their culture and to plant bold groups in garden and woodland. The illustration that accompanies these remarks is instructive. It reveals the habit of the pæony, and its picturesqueness and beauty when used as a border plant. The illustration shows a pæony border 130yds. long, and the plants carried individually, from 75 to 100 flowers—a glorious colour-effect unrivalled in June when the late tulips have departed and the true summer flowers scarce expanded.

Herbaceous pæonies are very hardy, and succeed in different situations—in a border as here represented, in beds with tea roses and other flowers, or in the woodland, where, screened from hot suns, the flowers gain in depth of colour and linger over a longer season. By shrubby margin, shady drive, and in the grass the plant will flourish, the deep self colours, as the old double crimson pæony one loves so well, presenting the richest pictures. There are many ways of planting pæonies, apart from the somewhat conventional style of using them in the mixed border. A small bed filled with them on the outskirts of the lawn is pleasing, and they should be used freely in the woodland or wilder parts of the garden, where they are as effective almost as the azalea, which is in its fullest beauty at the same period. A group of the double crimson pæony in the subdued light of the woodland is pleasant to see. One may, in truth, place them with the best shade-loving flowers, and in positions few plants enjoy. We shall ever remember a group of the crimson pæony in the



J. Gregory.

A BORDER OF PÆONIES.

Copyright

grass, where the plants were happy in the moisture and protection from hot suns and keen winds. The evening light seemed to shine through the big crimson flowers, dyeing them with a strangely deep and glorious colour.

Although pæonies will succeed in ordinary garden soil, the finest flowers are seen upon plants in good loam, moist, and with which is mixed plenty of cow manure. Trench the ground where the pæony-bed is to be about 4ft. deep, and let each plant be the same distance apart to give ample space for expansion. It is a mistake to crowd leafy plants such as the pæony, which increase in size and vigour with age.

There are so many varieties, that to give a list would be monotonous. If possible, an intending grower of the pæony should visit some good nursery or garden where there is a named collection, and select the most beautiful for colour. The following are the varieties that please the writer, but they do not represent a typical collection. A good place should be given to the beautiful May-flowering double European pæonies, of which the most familiar are the old double red, rose, and flesh white. A more precious trio of May flowers does not exist, and they are unrivalled, even in the face of a hundred hybrids to usurp their position. Place groups in the woodland, and rejoice in the flower-colouring seen against tender green foliage. The double anemone-flowered red, and the charming fennel-leaved *P. tenuifolia* fl.-pl., are of much interest and value. We delight to find the double *tenuifolia* in the grass or in the woodland. It is effective

in leaf and flower. Blooming also in May are the single European pæonies, *P. anomala*, *P. arietina*, *P. Broteri*, *P. corallina*, *P. decora*, *P. Emodi*, *P. peregrina*, *P. tenuifolia*, and the primrose-tinted *P. Wittmanniana*, followed by the beautiful single Chinese pæonies which gladden the garden in June.

The double pæonies are a big family, and comprise flowers of delightful colouring, accompanied by sweet rose-like fragrance. It is sometimes forgotten that the pæony has many beautiful attributes. The crimson stems appearing above the brown earth when the daffodils are fast hurrying away are as pretty as a flower itself, and in early summer the big blooms make noble decorations when gathered into large bowls and vases. A sweet perfume pervades a pæony-adorned room, a perfume as delicious as the rose, though more pronounced in some varieties than in others. The writer cares greatly for the following:—*Alba plenissima*, with a strong rose fragrance; *Candidissima*, primrose; *Festiva maxima*, pure white; *La Vestale*, white, blush outer or guard petals; *Solfaterre*, primrose colour when first expanded, passing to white with age; and *Viscountess Folkestone*, also white. Of the blush-coloured varieties, *Belle Chatelaine*, *Delicatissima*, *Faust*, *Rosea maxima*, and *Grandiflora carnea* are very beautiful. So, too, are *Alice Crousse*, rose; *Mme. Ducel*, salmon; *Rose of Castile*, pink shade; and *Mme. Lebon*, cherry rose, and very fragrant.

As regards planting, this may be carried out in autumn, favourable weather in winter, and early spring.



A TAME FOX.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having read in a recent number of *COUNTRY LIFE* some remarks from "Vulpes" regarding tame foxes, I will relate the following particulars relative to one which belonged to a friend of mine, and which, as far as my experience goes, was certainly unique in its way. Some few years back, while on a visit to Captain Woodley, of Leades House, Macroom, a gentleman who for a considerable time mastered the old Muskerry Foxhounds, our nearest neighbour, Mr. R. Bowen-Colthurst, of Oak Grove, Killinardrish, who formerly acted in the capacity of secretary to the hunt, was the happy and proud possessor of the fox in question. He has, however, since, I deeply regret to say, gone to join the great majority, with the result that the district has lost a good man, and his numerous friends a genial companion. An ardent lover of the vulpine tribe—would that others in the hunting district from which I now pen these lines were animated with the same laudable disposition—Mr. Bowen-Colthurst was generally in possession of a fox more or less tame, the majority of which, as a rule, ended their careers by violent means. By such an ending did the predecessor to this fox I am about to write of take his leave of this earthly sphere; but prior to that disaster he was, as it were, immortalised and elevated above the common vulpine herd by mention made of him in the columns of the *Field*. To attempt a miserable pun, the tale related of him was with reference to his tail, or more properly speaking, in correct vulpine language, "brush." A controversy, I understood, had arisen between vulpine *savants* as to whether a fox wagged its tail in the same manner as the dog or merely swayed it to and fro as a wolf or some other wild animals do, and thus this fox got entangled in the dispute. During luncheon one day at Leades House, at which Mrs. Bowen-Colthurst was present, the conversation turned on the tame fox now in possession, the successor to the one which got glorified in the *Field*, and I must confess at the time I felt somewhat sceptical regarding all that was said with regard to his many wonderful attributes. Having, however, received a very kind invitation to come over to Oakgrove on the following day and see for myself, and being extremely anxious to make the acquaintance of the vulpine wonder, in addition to being at all times interested in wild beasts and their ways, I, as a matter of course, gladly accepted. After lunch the following day several of us were assembled in front of the house, with the beautifully-timbered lawn of Oakgrove stretching before us, with the old Castle of Carrigrohoid raising its hoary keep away to the right, and the silvery Lee winding its sinuous course through an emerald green niche between. To our front lay Nettleville, and a deep narrow gorge here intervenes, through which the waters of the Lee, no longer smiling and placid, tore and tumbled in torrents of foam, which makes "the gut" such a dangerous passage through which to steer a salmon in safety. The fox, which at this time was nowhere to be seen, was, so his owner said, in all probability resting in a small earth to the rear of the house, or else rummaging about in one of the numerous plantations in the demesne, but that we need have no misgivings as to his not turning up, as he always came when called by either himself or the coachman, who in addition, he said, were the only two persons the animal would willingly allow to handle him. On this Mr. Bowen-Colthurst began to shout and whistle, and immediately three Irish terriers came bounding from out of the yard and began to romp about him. For about the space of two to three minutes there was no sign of the fox, then suddenly pointing towards a small grove of trees with a heavy undergrowth of gorse immediately above "the gut," he said, "Here he comes," and sure enough there was the fox coming towards us in an easy run up the lawn. He was "spotted" almost at the same time by the terriers, which, in the most joyful manner imaginable, bounded off to meet him, and when they met it was evident to even the most unobservant that this was a meeting between

old friends. After, however, a cursory exchange of civilities, Master Reynard continued his course direct to his master, taking scarcely any notice of the terriers romping alongside. On reaching him he manifested the greatest joy; there was no deception about that, as he continually leaped up when running around, while now and again he would come to a halt, and looking up at his master, without the shadow of a doubt, he wagged, not merely swayed, his tail. On this point I am positive, as I took particular pains to watch the motion; for that purpose I principally came over, and, pointing it out to my companions, I remarked that there could be no doubt on the matter, and to this one and all unanimously agreed. This vexed question settled, as far, at any rate, as we were concerned, both terriers and fox were encouraged to go on to the lawn for play, and soon began one of the most amusing games of romps it has ever been my good fortune to witness. All three terriers from the very beginning appeared to concentrate their forces against the fox, who, nothing loth, cheerfully accepted the gage of battle, and as events proved was not far out in his calculations. Do what they could the terriers never fairly, during the game, succeeded in cornering their antagonist, who airily hopped over the back of one, darted like lightning under the belly of another, and anon would turn sharp as a coursed hare when just on the point of being collared by a third. The manner in which that nimble animal dodged in and out, turned, and leaped over or darted under the dogs, was marvellous, and the prettiest sight imaginable. Of a truth he seemed to be the very embodiment of the following lines:—

"What so graceful, light, and airy,
His every footstep like a fairy;
His coat so sleek, his brush tipped white,
His ears and pads as dark as night.
Formed in Nature's happiest hours,
To grace the woodland's shadiest bowers;
With his soft cunning, pensive eye,
He's worried, hunted, made to die.
No moonbeam ever shining bright,
Flits o'er the meadows half so light;
He gives you sport day after day,
His one request, give me fair play."

After the game had continued for a considerable time, three *versus* one began to tell on the stamina of the gallant little creature; indeed it was a matter of wonderment that he had kept up the unequal contest for such a length of time, and with such amazing spirit, too. But did he now throw up the sponge or show the white feather. By no manner of means; the cute little rascal had one up his sleeve, and knew a trick worth two of that. Like a flash he dodged through his playmates, and scurrying rapidly away, in a jiffy he had reached and bounded up the sloping trunk of a huge oak tree, and crawling out on to one of the lower branches, quietly lay down at his ease, secure in the consciousness that he was out of the reach of his opponents, and had done his duty—for the time being, at any rate. The terriers now gathered under the tree, but after executing, as it were, a war dance under it for a short time, seeing, I suppose, the vanity of their efforts, they gave it up, and sitting on their haunches, gazed up at the fox. The latter, from his perch aloft, complacently returned the stare, and with his mouth wide open, and tongue lolling out, with, too, I could almost swear, a roguish twinkle in his dark brown eye, he dangled his brush from his throne above as if challenging his foes to reach it. A "Who'll tread on the tail of my coat?" defiance, in the plainest vulpine language possible; and what a gem this for a snap-shot! Exclamations of delight followed from all, on the conclusion of this most interesting exhibition, and the fox was lauded to the skies. A second, and, if possible, an even more astonishing treat was, however, in store for us. As our host said, "You have not seen the best of him yet," he entered the house, from which he quickly returned, but with a gun in his hand. The terriers immediately, as a matter of course, crowded joyously around him, when, as much to our surprise as gratification, down bounded the fox from the tree, and the next moment he was dancing frantically in front of his master. This will, I am sure, astonish many, but nevertheless I can assure "Vulpes" that it is a positive fact, and that I am not romancing in the least. Never have I seen either pointer or setter display more eager and ingenuous enjoyment than did this dear little fox on beholding the gun. And still, great Heaven! will it be credited, that in the very hunt country in which I pen these lines there are, I grieve to say, not one, but, alas! several Irishmen, and, worse still, of good position too, who are degenerate enough both to shoot, trap, and poison foxes, and by committing such heinous crimes they have utterly ruined what was once a fine hunting district. And now that I feel considerably relieved from having unburdened my mind of the foregoing revolting facts, I will, as briefly as possible, finish my story, as I feel that I have already absorbed too much space. When the exuberant spirit of both fox and dogs had somewhat abated, our genial host led the way to the western avenue, and here in a covert, the lower portion of which was composed principally of laid laurel, while the higher was a dense mass of ferns, briar, *et hoc genus*, our unique pack was thrown in. Game was soon on foot in the shape of a rabbit, which was hustled about in great style, the terriers making the woodland ring with their sharp and merry notes. From a high coign of vantage on which I was perched I was enabled to see well down into the covert, but although the terriers did their work manfully, as in the game of romps, the fox appeared to me to be doing the lion's share. He seemed to me to be omnipresent. Here, there, and everywhere I could see his form darting through opening after opening, and I had not the slightest doubt but that the game little chap was thoroughly enjoying himself, and having a high old time of it. Finally the sport was brought to an abrupt termination by Master Bunny bolting into a friendly burrow; upon which, more than satisfied with our afternoon's "diversion," we returned to the house for tea. On the way back my friend informed me that, with regard to his wonderful little pet, a most singular circumstance happened but a few days previously. Sending both fox and terriers, as per usual, into a large gorse covert to the rear of the house, the terriers quickly opened, and the next moment a fox broke and made off hastily, the dogs in full cry after. Thinking for a moment that it was the tame fox, he could not account for this behaviour on his part; but scarcely had the thought flashed through his mind, than out of the brake came the Simon Pure, and taking up the line, he pursued the wild fox, for such was the one first to break, as viciously as the terriers did. This animal was at all times allowed perfect liberty, generally slept in an earth behind the house, and was invariably to be found seated on the window-sill of the breakfast-room, when that meal was going on, in anticipation of his share. He, I am sorry to say, came to an early and tragic end. *Requiescant in pace*, both he and his lamented master.—CHERRY BRANDY.

THE EFFECT OF LIGHTNING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The five dishevelled boots in the accompanying photograph may be of interest to some of your readers in illustrating what a marvellous escape their five respective owners had from instant death by lightning. The curious accident happened some time ago in Atcham Church, near Shrewsbury, during a violent thunderstorm, and the wonder is that the victims are alive to tell the tale. Sunday afternoon service was going on, and the organ-loft, which is under the tower, was occupied amongst others by the organist and a choir of school children. The top of the tower was struck with a loud crash; the electric current, perforating the lead gutter, and passing downwards through the belfry, descended into the organ-loft below. Oddly enough the flag-staff and



metal vane on the highest part of the tower were untouched. The organist, who was leaning against the back of his seat, had a narrow escape, as the wood-work was splintered and his hair was singed. The fluid then ran along to the pews occupied by the school children, twisting ironwork, scattering books, and splitting wood in all directions. One of the girls was struck in the face, and was severely burnt from her head to her right foot, on which the boot, one of those illustrated, was almost destroyed, and her clothes were burnt completely off. Four other children, though otherwise unharmed, had their boots torn and twisted as the photograph shows, oddly enough three of them being on the right foot. The electricity then descended still further to the floor of the church, whence it made its escape through a thick oak door, and disappeared into a grave a few yards beyond. The photograph was taken by Laing, of Shrewsbury.—M. S.

A NOTE ON PARROT TULIPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My Parrot tulips usually do fairly well, and this year are better than usual. My best bed has fifty-six bulbs, and of these forty-two are in flower, two having plain self-flowers and forty showing the true parrot form. The soil is very heavy, the sub-soil is clay, and the county a very cold one. The bulbs have been undisturbed for three years. Is your expression wild winter a misprint for mild winter? A mild winter here (Alfreton) like the last may suit bulbs in a cold soil, for my bulbs of every sort have all flowered better than usual. My Parrot tulips are in full flower now.—N. H. MCCONNELL.

[We are pleased to know that you have succeeded so well with these interesting tulips. Wild is a misprint for mild.—ED.]

FAIRY RINGS ON LAWNS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much pleased to read the interesting article upon fairy rings in COUNTRY LIFE of June 4th. I have no doubt Dr. Wollaston's explanation is correct; I have two on my lawn, and the rings are now covered with fungus growths. Can you inform me if it is possible to destroy the fungus and so prevent the mischief spreading?—EMILY WHITFIELD.

[It is interesting to read of the fairy rings, around which many a quaint folklore tale has centred, but in truth they are merely fungi which spread circular fashion annually. The commoner kind is the Fairy-ring Champignon (*Marasmius oreades*), although this is not the only kind that will cause the rings. A single fungus commences the ring, and when this decays vigorous grass is the result, because the dead Champignons possess decided manurial qualities, as sulphate of lime and phosphoric acid, which increase the vigour of the grass. The fairy rings vary greatly in size, and sometimes last for nearly a century, assuming large proportions, especially under favourable conditions, that is, where the soil is poor. Wood ashes are said to be useful in eradicating these fungoid visitations, making holes in the latter with a crowbar, then dropping in the ashes. Soot and well-decayed manure also are efficacious. We should dress with soot and manure (not artificial) or wood ashes. We think this will destroy the plague.—ED.]

BIRDS' NESTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As a regular and delighted subscriber to COUNTRY LIFE, I am sending you a snap-shot I took with my "Kodak" of a wild duck on its nest in one of the fields here (St. Clears, South Wales). In addition to this nest I came across three others in the same field, and all in the open without any cover over them. In the same field I also found a plover's nest with three eggs, two being of the ordinary kind, and the other pure white with large brown spots on it. These I had taken home and cooked, the white one being quite the same as the others after cooking.—E. H. WHITEMAN.

[We fear the snap-shot would hardly bear reproduction; but we are sorry the quaint plover's egg is eaten, and beyond identification, for we should much like to have seen it.—ED.]

HARD-MOUTHED SHEEPDOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice one of your correspondents asks about putting a chain in the mouth of a hard-mouthed sheepdog. I have never used it or seen it used, but should think it probable, if the dog will not work with a muzzle, that he will not work with a chain. I am a great lover of sheepdogs, and have broken and worked them all my life in the Highlands of Scotland. Your correspondent says a sheepdog ought not theoretically to be used for cattle; there is no doubt, in my opinion, that using a dog to force cattle will spoil him for high-class sheep work, and all the best sheepdog men will bear me out. A really perfect gathering hill dog is the most highly-trained animal in the world, and it would be a shame to risk making him "course" by using him for forcing cattle near hand, a job any ordinary dog can do. You can get a good all-round "mart" dog for sheep and cattle, but a high-class sheepdog ought, I am sure, never to be used for rough work with cattle. I consider a hard-mouthed sheepdog the greatest abomination on earth, and if ever I see any of my shepherd's dogs at all given that way I have them shot at once. I gather from your correspondent's letter that his dog is a good one, and would not bite sheep when gathering (a: if he is a good dog he ought not to be near enough to have a chance of a nip), but only when forcing them; in that case your correspondent should be able to stop him, by being very firm and giving him plenty of work; but if he nips a sheep when gathering "away wide," I should certainly shoot him. If he does that he can't be a good dog (gathering), as if he comes so near the sheep as that he must hurry them terribly. As long as he only nips a sheep when he is "near hand," I cannot see the difficulty in stopping him. I have often had dogs that would have done it had they dared.—A. E. BUTTER.

THE AFGHAN DOG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to a recent letter describing Khyber, the Afghan dog, and your query at the end of the letter, the following may interest your readers. There is such a breed as the Afghan dog, but from the photograph of Khyber and his description, I should say he could hardly claim to be one. The Afghan dog is exceedingly rare out of Afghanistan, and I should doubt his being picked up for nothing in a sangar in the Malakand. He is a fine upstanding dog, rather of the collie type, but much thicker set, with a great broad chest and very deep girth and short body. His hindquarters are strong, and are surmounted by a thick hairy tail which curls close over his back. His head, which he carries high, is massive, and his ears small, and set on very high up, just dropping over to his eyes. He has a long and very thick coat and is well feathered over his ears and legs, which are not as short as Khyber's, in the photograph, appear to be. He is a very bad-tempered dog and will allow nobody to take liberties with either himself or his master. The Afghans are very particular about the breeding, I believe. I have just returned from a five months' stay in the Khyber Pass, where one would have had the best opportunities of seeing an Afghan dog if there had been any, but I never saw any other than the usual pariah dog, though he is greatly superior to his Indian confrere. We had dozens knocking about our camp, which the men used to feed and look upon as pets. They are long, loose-limbed dogs with very little shape about their heads, though you come across some with really beautiful coats. They are arrant curs, however, but are very fond of English life as long as there is plenty of English food knocking about. The above may give you a bald idea of a very fine breed of dog and may call forth fuller descriptions from the more experienced of your readers.—SKIN.



FRIDAY: Of course the weather was dull to-day; the skies always frown when the Botanical Society arranges for its Children's Fête. However, there was much to be thankful for, for it did not rain, and Royalty and other less interesting persons mustered in the Gardens in full force. I always pity the children who take a prominent part in these processions. They have to stand for so many hours, and they are not old enough to realise that their tiredness is cheaply bought when they have formed the centre of an admiring crowd of hundreds.

There were several excellent costumes in the Gardens to-day, and the most appropriate was a foulard of dark blue with a white spot upon it, with a slightly pouched bodice opening over a waistcoat of the finest embroidered muslin, crowned with a hat of mauve straw trimmed with mauve feathers. Another good costume was of very light grey cloth with a scroll design in grey and white silk braids outlining the shaped flounce on the skirt and decorating the revers on the coat, which showed a front of white lisse with black chenille spots upon it. The toque that completed this was of white and black chip turning up in the

front with a rosette of pale blue ribbon and a black and white ostrich feather. Very attractive was a gown of pervenche crêpe de chine very simply made and crowned with a hat of bright red, and another wholly suited to the surroundings but not the weather was in pale lilac tone, embroidered in white, the bodice being cut into a V to show a chemisette of chiffon and lace outlined with frills bordered with black velvet ribbons, a black velvet belt united with diamond slides fastening it in the front, and the Leghorn hat which accompanied it was trimmed with a mass of blue lobelia in the front and on the crown.

I went to a very amusing dinner-party to-night, where my hostess committed the grievous crime of looking far nicer than any of her guests. She wore a skirt of pale blue Liberty satin with ruchings of chiffon on the hem. The bodice of pale blue chiffon was draped with cream-coloured lace, with short sleeves to match, while a scarf of blue chiffon hung from one shoulder, a scarf of lace from the other, and round the waist in the front to fall with long ends was knotted a sash of pale pink crêpe de chine—a most distinguished-looking gown, which made me detest all the other gowns in the room, my own included. Yet I enjoyed myself very much, talking to a literary light much advertised but never previously personally tested.

MONDAY: I am intoxicated with the feast of colour with which Percy Anderson has decked the stage in "A Greek Slave" at Daly's Theatre. I never saw such lovely combinations of mauves and blues and purples, while there are some girls wearing gowns of pervenche and lilac which gave me a real thrill of emotion, the sort of feeling I get when a beautiful sunset expands itself before me, or when I am brought face to face with a masterpiece of painting. It is a glorious pageant at Daly's, and Owen Hall has told a charming story in a charming fashion, whilst Sidney Jones' music is all my fancy painted that it would be and a little more.

I wonder why Marie Tempest, who is such an artist, should



RED STRAW HAT DRAPED WITH RED CHIFFON AND CHERRIES.

have selected her clothes so out of the picture. Her songs are a joy, but save in her black gown, which is beautiful with its girdle of diamonds, and its head-dress fastened from ear to ear with a chain of diamonds and jet, she does not wear a single costume in the least degree suggestive of Rome at any period. Sartorially she does not seem able to get away from the fascinations of "The Geisha," for both her pink dress in the first act, and her head-dress in the second, great white flowers in bunches over each ear, are pre-eminently Japanese. However, much, if not all, shall be forgiven a woman who sings as she does and who acts so dramatically.

A new comer, Miss Hilda Moody, is a delightful princess, in ideal gowns of loose, straight draperies in the front, all purple and gold, with a golden diadem on her hair. She has a fresh, sweet voice, too, and speaks her words with special charm.

Letty Lind looks delicious, too, in a soft white gown with masses of cornflowers about her; and Hayden Coffin in Greek draperies above his knees never sang better and never looked so well.

There were several evening cloaks of most delightful detail near to me in the stalls, one of pale grey satin being crossed and re-crossed with pale grey velvet ribbons, each point being fastened down with diamonds. This was frilled with grey chiffon and pale cream-coloured lace. Another, reaching to the hem of the skirt of its wearer, was in soft pale blue Liberty satin, with sling sleeves gathered at the neck and drawn into the waist, with many gaugings at the back, and softly frilled with lace and lisse in the front. A pretty young girl, whose profile pleased me very much, wore a gown of cream-coloured lace, black velvet shoulder straps, and a diamond buckle fastening a bunch of pink roses at one side.

Then I met Trixie in a wonderful costume of orange-coloured crêpe de chine, with shaded orange-coloured roses at one side, and a flame-coloured crêpe de chine scarf twisted in her hair in a style more or less suggestive of Mrs. Hamilton. I observe that all the best of the theatre cloaks are of lace, black over white, or cream over white, that under such conditions they make for the expensive, and that the universal shape is the circular, short in the front and long at the back.

WEDNESDAY: I have an insatiable appetite for hats. I have discovered that it is not essential to my happiness to have more than one new dress a fortnight so that I may have a new hat a week; my life is crowned with content, to say nothing of myself. I have seen such a number of pretty hats lately, and I feel I want them all. One was of red straw draped with red chiffon turned up in the front with a branch of cherries, and at the back a mass of cherry blossom nestled closely to the brim. Another was of pale blue straw, also turned up in the front, trimmed with a bow of blue velvet ribbon spotted with white, and a couple of white curled quills. Again I regret that it is not the custom to wear more than one hat at once, and realise that the habits of the ancient Israelite left him an object for my envy.



THAT EMBROIDERED MUSLIN DRESS AT THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.